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SONNET.

BY A. W. BELLAW

So fairy-fine all praises fail on her,
Her fairness finds a bourne, and her sweet mouth
Lures like some winsome summer in the South
Of bloom and perfume seen by dreamfarer.
So fair is she I liken her to flush
Of dying music blown from sunset land,
That kingdom of an hour, to where we stand
While all the moods of being, hearing hush.
The smile that makes a splendor on her cheek
Is twin to the sweet peace upon her brows.
There is none like her, this your look allows.
What were impossible for her dear sake
I do not know. But this I know, so led
My love outlives all life, and she lies dead.

DAKOTA DAN,

### THE RECKLESS RANGER

The Bee-Hunter's Excursion,

A WILD TALE OF THE KEYA-PAHA COUNTRY.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HUR-RICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," "DEATH-NOTCH, THE DESTROYER," "ONE-ARM-ED ALF," ETC., ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER I. AN UNLUCKY RIDER.

SOUTHERN DAKOTA of the year 18—. A cottonwood grove on the Keya Paha river, some thirty miles from its confluence with the

Within that grove a score of persons were assembled on a bright afternoon of a September day. All were Indians, with a few exceptions. The ponies browsing near bore strong evidence of having been severely ridden. At one side was a noble-looking horse of the new American breed, caparisoned with an Ameri-can saddle and bridle. His sides were dripping with sweat, his flanks were white with foam and quivering with over-exertion; his whole frame shook under the throbbing of his great heart; his nostrils were dilated and steaming he was panting with sheer exhaustion.

In the midst of the group of Indians was the master of that noble beast. His hands were securely bound at his back—he was a prisoner. His face was haggard and dust-be-grimed, yet wore a firm, determined and resolute look, that at times seemed to awe the savage horde around him. He was a man of some five and forty years, of medium size, with a pleasant, yet piercing, dark-gray eye; a thin, angular face, the lower part of which was covered with a smooth, iron-gray beard. His hair was of the same color as his beard, though closely cropped, showing the outlines of a wellsuit, which was, of itself, evidence of his not

belonging upon the border.

The savages were all Yankton Sioux. Some were in war-paint - some were not. Their leader was a white man, at whose very beck and nod all seemed to act with humble obeisance. He was a person upon whose face the inner character was plainly written. It combined every evidence of wickedness ard subtle cunning to be seen upon the dusky laces of his coadjutors; and in every other countenance but his, the prisoner could see a faint glimmer of human feeling-a spark that he may have kindled into mercy's hopeful light, had it not been for the cold, relentless look upon White Falcon's face.

White Falcon, as he was called by the Indians, and Donald Gray by his renegade associates, was a man of some fifty years, judging from his seamed features, gray whiskers and hair. But his movements, voice, and physical powers were those of a man of thirty; and be tween the two, the prisoner was left in doubt as to the man's age, but not as to his villainy

That morning, Jonathan Duncan had been thirty miles north of where we now find him a captive. He was crossing the plain from the Missouri river, unaware of his proximity to danger, until he suddenly found that he was being pursued by a band of Indians. He at once put his horse to its utmost speed, feeling certain of his ability to outstrip the Indians in the race; and he did so for a short distance but he had underestimated the endurance of the Indians' ponies, and after a race of a score and a half miles, was overtaken on the banks of the Keya Paha, where we now find them

After he had been made prisoner, Duncan was subjected to a series of blows, kicks and taunts, given to test his courage and fortitude He bore all, however, with unflinching resig nation, and by looks defied the jeering horde

"The horse of the pale-face is fast, like the arrow; but soon gives out. The ponies of the Indian are slow, but like the bird, they can go a long ways," philosophized a red-skin.

Well," in a calm tone, replied Duncan, "if that stream had been behind me instead of before, I am inclined to think the race would be going on yet."

'A poor excuse is better than none," replied White Falcon, indignant at the prisoner's re-

"To be sure it is, mighty chief of the filthy Yankton Sioux," retorted Jonathan, with disdain.

"You are disposed to regard your situation quite indifferently, stranger," asserted White Falcon, "but-but-" "But what, outcast of civilization?" inter-

rupted Duncan, defiantly, anticipating some threat from the chief. "Your insolent language shall be your deathwarrant," affirmed the chief. "While our po-



endeavor to pass the time in trying your power of endurance by fire and blood-letting. And, to begin with, I will see what you have of value or consequence upon your person; then I will pass you over to the tender mercy of my haves."

at his coming. He bit his lip to keep back the emotions struggling upward in his breast.

The exclamation of an Indian suddenly drew his attention from these painful reflections.

The savages were in commotion, and for the always relaxing into that dull, vacant stare of braves.

So saying, the renegade chief proceeded to search the person of the prisoner, and his labor was not without reward. In a side-pocket he found a small Derringer revolver, which he at once appropriated. In another pocket he found a small, time-worn picture-case. This he opened, and was almost startled by the sight of the picture that met his eyes. It was of a young and beautiful woman, but

He was dressed in a citizen's the style of her dress and the worn and faded condition of the picture was evidence of its having been taken years ago. For some time the chief stood and gazed upon it. At times his eyes wandered away with a vacant stare, and his brows contracted as if he was trying to recall something from the shadows of the forgotten past. In addition to the revolver and picture, he found a note upon the captive bearing date of a few weeks previous, and which

JONATHAN DUNCAN, ESQ. "Dear Sir;—If your search proves unsuccessful n Southern Nebraska, don't fail to visit the setlement on the Niobrara river in Southern Datota. I have some evidence of the parties have duffed into the ng drifted into that country. After a long and diligent search, we have found the picture so much desired, and send it herewith. I hope it may prove the key to your success. The reward has been increased to \$10,000.

"Your friend, ADAM."

"Ten thousand dollars reward! Just so!" "I see now, jaculated the chief in surprise. Jonathan Duncan, Esquire, that you are some kind of a hound of the law, searching for omebody for whom a reward is offered that'd make a poor Indian chief rich; and ma'be it will, for bless my soul if I don't know where to lay my hands upon a young lady whose face is the counterpart of this picture. And, as your friend Adam surmises, she is in the Niobrara settlement. Is it the original of this picture, her father, mother, brother, sister or child that you're in search of? Is he, or she, an heir or eiress?—or an escaped convict, or what?"
"Or what," was the laconic reply of Jona-

"Never mind, Squire Duncan," replied the chief, placing the picture and paper in his pocket, "we'll fetch the truth out of you pretty oon. Fire around one's shins conduces to veracity, and acts as a lubricator to one's tongue. You can choose between the fire and the truth of the facts connected with this picture and

"I have no choice, Sir Mighty Outcast," replied Duncan. "You can act your pleasure."
"Then let my braves set the stake," the villain said, addressing his warriors.

A savage yell burst forth upon the air, and a commotion of joy swayed the group of warriors. The wildest excitement and activity pervaded the camp, all of which Jonathan Duncan regarded with outward indifference His inward fears however, assumed painful proportions, for he had not a doubt but that nis fate was sealed—that he stood face to face with a horrible death. But he mentally commended his soul to God and asked for strength to bear his torture until death came to his relief. He knew that a betraval of fear, or an appeal to the savages for mercy, would only be

longing his suffering. He gazed around him-at the green trees overhead, the murmuring river, at the slowly declining sun soon to be blotted from his sight forever. Then his gaze became fixed upon va-cancy—he was thinking—perhaps of home—of

time being, their attention was diverted from their work by the appearance of an object on

CHAPTER II.

THE ORACLE, PATIENCE AND HUMILITY.
THE grove in which the Indians were encamped was but a narrow belt of trees fringing the shore of the Keya Paha, and as the in was but littl undergrowth, the savages could plainly see the object approaching over the plain; and they had no difficulty in making it, or rather them, out; they were a man, horse and dog.

The man was walking and leading the horse, while the dog skulked with lowered head and tail at the heels of the latter. They were moving very slowly and with apparent difficulty, and as they drew nearer the red-skins could se that the horse was limping along upon three legs. The man was white - this was easy enough determined by the Sioux, long before he came close enough for them to discriminate between colors. He was coming directly to ward the point where they stood, and as he came still closer. White Falcon, as well as the prisoner, heard him suddenly break forth in a song familiar to them, though a stranger to the

ears of the chief. All listened intently, and something like a smile, that came from a sting of remorse, swept over the face of the renegade as he heard the singer trill forth, in hoarse, discordant notes, the words:

"Am I a soldier of the Cross, A follower of the lamb?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the chief, trying to lispel from his mind some vague recollection of better days, "it's some crazy tramp, or old religious fanatic. Well, we'll have some sport with him too, boys, for I see he's coming on a ee-line for this point. It may be he's coming to say grace for your soul, Squire Duncan."
"Better say it for yours," was Duncan's re-

The stranger came on, apparently enraptured by the music of his own voice. He entered the grove and came on within ten paces of the savages before he discovered their presence When he did, however, his singing ended with a doleful squeak, and he came to a sudden halt. Throwing up his hands in wild surprise, he drawled forth in a hesitating, woe-begone tone:

"Whoa, Patience and Humility! At last, at last, after long journeying through the desert, we've struck the camp of the Phillistines!" In obedience to the command of their master, the horse stopped, and the dog squatted on his haunches at its heels. A laugh burst from the lips of Gray and his

followers. Duncan glanced at the bold intruder in vain hopes that he might recognize him as a friend, or one who had, in some manner, the power to save him from death. But the sight that met his view was anything but one calculated to inspire hope in a desponding breast. In fact the prisoner had never looked upon a more wretched and pitiable specimen of humanity than the being who had just halted in his pre-

He was a little, wiry-looking man of perhaps five and fifty years, with a thin, long face, a sharp, hooked nose, and small, steel-gray eyes. His mouth was of unusual size and encircled with a short, bristling gray beard. His whole face was comical in its outlines, yet wore an expression of childish simplicity. His eyes nies are resting from their hard ride, we shall bright faces that were wont to grow brighter were the most remarkable feature of the man. chief.

one devoid of reason.

His dress was as old and antiquated as himself. On his head he wore a coon-skin cap, to which had been attached the brim of an old black felt hat. His coat was the remnant of a fine black broadcloth garment; it was several His pants were made of buck-skin, but unlike the coat, were too small for him, the shortness of the waist permitting his shirt to foam gracefully out over the top. One foot was encased in a moccasin, the other in an old high-topped boot that he had doubt-

ess picked up around some military post. He carried no weapons of any kind except a arge, dull jack-knife, which was evidence of peaceful and harmless spirit.

His horse was as sorry a looking creature as nimself. It might have been a quarter of a century old, judging from appearance. raw-boned, long-legged and drawn up almost nto a knot. Every joint appeared to be stiff, and every limb crippled in some way or other One of its fore legs was wrapped in a bandage of old rags held in place by strips of fibrous bark. It was with the greatest difficulty that it put foot to the ground; and when ordered to stop by its master, it did so with evident pleasure. It dropped its head and stubby tail, closed its eyes and stood and slept in silence, totally indifferent to the presence of the sav ages, or the myriad of flies that buzzed around. an old Indian blanket that of a saddle

The dog was a fit companion of the man and He was a cross between the grayhound and spaniel, though a more abject and cowardly-looking cur could scarcely be found. With his head down, his tail between his legs, he cowered at the heels of the horse. closed his great, bloodshot eyes and slept in

"Well, who are you that comes here singin' like an escaped Bedlamite?" demanded White Falcon, in feigned anger. "Me? me?" demanded the doleful-looking old tramp, in great astonishment; "why, man

of sin, I'm the Oracle of Peace come outen the East to proclaim the-"The devil!" interrupted the renegade, savagely, "you're lying, man; you're some infernal old spy come sneakin' round here in dis-

The chief had resolved to convey this idea, despite his belief that the Oracle was crazy, for fear the man might have been trying to deceive him. Insanity, however, showed itself too plainly on every feature to be mistaken in

character before him. "Harkee, man, to the voice of wisdom speakin' thro' years of experience," the tramp replied, shaking his bony finger reprovingly at Donald Gray; "I come as you see me, plainly clad—under no disguise. I come to plant the seed of Peace and Christianity into the hearts of the red heathens of America. I've suffered many persecutions of body and mind to git here, and the strength of Patience, my hoss yere, and old Humility, my dorg thar, hev been sorely tried with long sojournin'. But at last, at last we've ritched the camp of the benighted red-man, and perchance a season of rest is come to our weary bodies arter our pilgrim-

age."
"Well, from whence came you?" asked the

"Like John the Baptist, I came from outen

the wilderness of Judea."
"Indeed," replied the chief, to whom, and
the other renegades, the tramp's insane assertions had become amusing; "well, Sir Oracle, you look the worse of the wear and tear of the

trip."
"You speak truthfully, man of sin; and Patience, my horse here, and Humility, my dorg and spirit—even more than me, for Patience, my hoss thar, has carried me ofttimes; while Humility, my dorg thar, has guarded me all night from beasts of prey while I slept, and that you mus' know's mos' awful rackin' on the

physical constitution."

"He looks as though he was a savage dog,"
said White Falcon. "I reckon he'd attack a

"He may be hungering like his master, and would eat that which is digestible if placed within a git-atable distance. But since leaving the fort called Randall, our supplies has been exhausted, and we've been trustin' to Providence for a long time."

"I'm thinking Providence 'll let you starve if you don't help yourself a little."

"Ah!" sighed the man, shaking his head,
"that is the doctrine of sin the world over.
But why is that man in bonds? Is he not a heathen among you?"

"He is, but we're soon going to send his spirit to the other world; to be plain, we're going to roast him, and if you tarry long

mough your dorg can have—"
"Oh, Judea!" exclaimed the Oracle, eleva-"On, Judea!" exclaimed the Oracle, elevating his hands in horror, and rolling his eyes upward in evident pain, "can't I prevail on you to let that man go free, that he may repent of the deeds done in the body?"

"His sins, Sir Oracle," replied Gray, "are the same as yours. He had the audacity to intrude upon grayings seared to the red war."

intrude upon grounds sacred to the red-men."
"But perchance he came with evil in his heart, whereas I come with love and good will to'rd all mankind, the beast of the field, the birds of the air, and the dwellers in the sea;

and to preach to the benighted heathen of Ameriky. Already hev I wrought much good in my travels, though my footsteps hev been beset with all the temptashins that beset the pilgrim in his progress to heaven; yet I feel good in spirit over my deeds."

"I observe that your language savors of ori ental refinement," said Donald Gray, who was "Not so much as it used to be. Since I kem

nto this 'ere land of the ungodly, my langwidge hes become korrupted—my words are not alers the most elegant, nor my sentences the most sizes too large for him, and hung upon him like the proverbial "shirt on a bean-pole." The sleeves were rolled up, displaying his bony wrists, while the remaining half of the skirt my speech" 'I am inclined to think that you are a con-

summate old villain—a lying spy, trying to deceive us with your insane palaver and idiotic face. But that, let me tell you, you cannot You already know too much to leave here alive with that tongue of yours. Braves, see that the old villain is secured against doing us narm."

Ever ready to comply with the will of their chief, the warriors started toward the Oracle, who calmly folded his arms across his breast, and striking an attitude intended for resignation, but which was provokingly comical, he

"I submit without resistance, you children of benighted minds. Ye needn't bind me, for I'm more'n willin' to remain. Thar is Patience, my hoss here, and Humility, my dorg thar; take 'em both—feed 'em, and with the respekt due their understandin'. Patience, she comes of noble blood; her sire was as fine a hoss as ever pounded Arabian soil, and her dam-ah, she war a noble critter too. And that 'are dorg, bless me! I could trace his pedigree back to Noah and the ark. To be sure I could. A rope answered the purpose of a bridle, and But "-and he turned to his animals-" Patience, go with the heathens-Humility, submit with Christian resignashin.

A savage led Patience to one side and hitched er, while another fastened a lariat around Humility's neck and tied him to a sapling. The Oracle was not bound, for the chief had not the slightest fear of his attempting to desert. He was, in fact, fully satisfied of the man's insanity, and of his perfect harmless-

The savages were about to resume their preparations for the execution of Duncan, when the Oracle interrupted them, saying:

"Friends, I want to leave yer camp durin' the abominable execution of that man, if I'm to leave at all. The smell o' burnin' martyrs alers did make me sick as p'isen. But if I'm to die, let me die fust, and I'll show him how to go it game, like the 'Postles of old."

There were two other renegades in the party besides Gray, whose recklessness of character had banished all human feeling and mercy from their hearts; and in the crazy tramp and his poor old mare, they foresaw a bit of rare, brutal sport. Sidling up to the chief, one of them said:

"I say, Donald, let's have some fun with the Oracle of Peace." 'How?"

"Give him a chance for his life-let him win it in a hoss-race."

Donald winked his approval, then burst into

a roar of laughter over the idea. It is not to be supposed that the Indians were ignorant of what was being said. Seve-

ral of them understood the English language, and these interpreted to the others; so that all were enabled to enjoy the sport together. "Oracle," said Gray, addressing the tramp,

Wouldn't you like a chance for life?" Verily, life are sweet, even to the vilest critter that creeps, moves or has a bein'," replied the man of peace.

'gainst one of our ponies for your life?"
"Oh, Judea! abomination! distruction!"

groaned the Oracle, as if shocked by the idea. Racin' and gamblin' comes not within the pale of the principles of peace and love. It belongs only to the ungodly—the unwashed sinner. Moreover, Patience, my hoss here, is sufferin' dire afflictions on the right fore leg from the bite of the treacherous serpent that wears little bells onto its tail. Therefore I wears little bells onto its tail. must decline to race with the heathens, and to master's voice. uphold them in their ungodliness."
"Then you shall die, although you have

your own life in your hands," said Donald Gray. "If you will take your mare and run her against one of our ponies, your life will be spared if you come out best in the race.

'Life are sweet, arter all," reflected the Oracle, "and I am sorely tempted to try you a heat, and would, if it warn't fur poor Patience affliction of the leg. As she is, she can only hop along on three legs to a time. And yit I wouldn't hisitate to try one of yer slowest racers if ye'd give me a few hundred yards the

The renegades, and those of the Indians who understood English, indulged in a hearty fit of laughter. They saw that the love of life was strong, even in a crazy man; and that freedom was paramount to the principles he advo-

"You can have your choice, Oracle: run the race or die."
"Oh, Judea!" sighed the man; "then if yer

sin-benighted minds can conceive no Christian scheme for my deliverance outen bondage, I will stoop to the abominable sin of takin' my mare here, onto the track. But I have no hopes of takin' the ante, but race beca'se it's a Christian dooty for me to try to save my precious life, for the benefit of others yit to come So let a heathen bring out a slow racer, and I will run him, sinse I am forced to it; yet I proclaim in a voice of thunder that it be an abominable sin to put that poor critter than onto the track. In course it be."

> CHAPTER III. THE RACE AND ITS RESULT.

WHILE the preliminaries of the race were being made by the Indians and their white coadjutors, the Oracle of Peace strode about the camp, apparently indifferent to the arrangements that were being made for the crue sport of which he and his mare were the unsus pecting subjects. He passed and repassed before Jonathan Duncan, shaking his head and muttering loud, but incoherently, now and then glancing at the captive's face with the

deepest expression of human sympathy.
"I sw'ar," said Bill Davy, one of the renegades, "I b'lieve the feller's talkin' Dutch to the squire."

Yes, hog Dutch," replied Donald Gray. The Oracle continued his sauntering about the camp, but finally advanced to where Humility was tied, and stooping, he patted the dog affectionately upon the head, and said, in

a low, whimpering, childish tone:
"Ah, me, Humility! this are a big blunder fur us to make. The hearts of these red Phillistines appear to have no mercy, whatsum-So I reckon our time to part has come. arter long years of sojournin' together. I may, and I may not, win the race, but that snake-bitten leg of Patience is again' me, ten to one. But if ye hev to die, Humility, die game. Ye, maybe, go into the soup-kittle, but if you make as good soup as ye h panion, these 'ere pesky heathens will 'ave a delicious time. Look here, ole dorg; see what an insignificant thing holds yer life in checka little string which one sweep of my knife 'd

As he concluded with a shake of the head, the crazy man took hold of the dog's rope and held it up between his fingers, and glanced at the dog, then at the rope, with a vacant, listless stare. Humility looked up into his master's face, dumb almost as his own, with an almost human apprehension; then he whined piteously, licked his chops as with an air of deserted their post and ran to the edge of the satisfaction, and squatted down upon his haunches.

One may have thought that there existed the animal mode of communication between these two creatures, dog and master; but, aside from the latter's power of speech, nei-ther betrayed the knowledge even of an intel-

"And lookey here, Humility, is another victim of this heathenish country," drawled the tramp, advancing to Duncan and laying his hand upon the captive's head. "Poor fel ler, the Phillistines have got him, too, doggy, and he'll hev to die, I 'spekt. And jist look here, Humility, what a insignificant thing stands atween him and life and freedom," and he took hold of the captive's bonds and finger ed over them some time in an easy, thoughtless manner; but the chief saw that he made no attempt to free the captive.

'All ready, Sir Oracle," the chief at length called out.
"Amen," was the grave, solemn response

Then the tramp advanced to where his mare was hitched, unfastened her and followed White Falcon and all but two of his warriors, who had been left to guard Duncan, to the edge of the open plain.

With a critical eye he scanned the oppo-

nent's horse, shook his head doubtfully, and sighed, in a tone whose lugubriousness was in consonance with that of his face:

"Verily, Patience, the chances are against us, a thousand to one. The red heathen's horse is keen of limb, young, supple, and free of snake-bites. Our only chances lay in the smoky Phillistine's horse steppin' into a molehill and breakin' of his neck. And while we are certain of defeat, we are liable to run into the mole-hole-hill ourselves. Lord, to be sure

A savage outburst of laughter followed this lamentation of the Oracle.

Verily, heathen with the smoky skin, the day 'll come, perchance, when the laff will be shifted to the other side of thy facial openin'." The distance to be run was a quarter of a

mile. The ground was stepped off by one of the renegades and the racers escorted to the starting point by several warriors on foot. The Oracle led his mare to the place, and as she hobbled along at times on three legs, the figure presented by both the master and the

fall, the tramp succeeded in scrambling to the back of his mare. He then turned the animal ye in down at the river, and when I heard 'em facing the winning goal, and announced his

readiness to start,

withstanding the ridiculousness of the affair. The firing of a rifle by the renegade chief, who was, at the opposite end of the course, mortal nigh rippin' out an ole-fashi'n cuss-word was to be the signal to start. The Oracle sat | several times. with his eyes fixed upon the group at the other | that's good on the chief, arn't it? But, I'll | cannot." The serpent stick went round still side of the plain, burning with a strange, unnatural luster. Suddenly he saw a little cloud Humility, my dorg thar, are two the best-hues, melting, firing, expanding, like orbs of "Azrak," he said, in a rapid tone, "why of smoke puff out upon the air; then, as the trained animils outside of Barnum's big s' o v red hot iron alternating their glow in the heat could we not find out something of this char-

"Wouldn't you be willin' to run your mare clear report of the rifle came quivering forth upon the breeze, the Oracle was heard to shout aloud, in a clear, unnatural voice, the single word:

> Quick as a flash Patience's eyes flew open, her head was lifted, her ears became erect, her form straightened out, and like an arrow she shot away over the plain by the side of her opponent. All her stupidity, stiffness and lameness had vanished under the magic of her

Yell after yell arose from the lips of the spectators, that was answered by a wild, frenzied shout from the lips of the Oracle, who sat half doubled upon his beast, while his coat tail flapped in the wind behind, and his hat-brim dropped like a mask over his face To the amusement of those at the starting point, the great "military" boot of the trainp slip-ped from his foot at the second bound of his mare, but he gave no heed to this, and sped

The yells of the savages increased as the racers sped on, but their yells were outbursts of surprise, not the expression of the amusement that they had anticipated; for, side by side with the Indian racer, sped Patience, the face of her rider changing from its look of imbecility to that of silent triumph.

"This beats you, now don't it, smoky-skin?" the Oracle suddenly called out to his opponent in a tone that was distinctly audible above the swish and thud of the horses' feet through the grass and upon the hard earth.

"Ugh!" was the response of the Indian, who with eyes starting with excitement, laid the whip vigorously across his beast.

"That's it, Ingin, score it on," continued the Oracle, growing warm under the excitement of the race; "alers whip on the hairy side, smoky Ole Patience, my mare here, wa'n't as lame as ye thought, war she? Like all females, she's deceivin', ain't she? She can't be beat on thes pra'ries a-runnin' and playin' 'possum, can she? Whew! aren't we a-sailin', though, now? I could jockey you now, Ingin, like thunderation; but I won't, will I? But I'll tell ye what I can do: I can beat you, and I'm gorin' to do it. So now, ole gale, toe into it—buckle right down to the work, Patience—peg away, ole critter—scatter dirt in smoky's eyes—lick her down, Pacie-scat! whoop, hurrah, here we go -good-by, smoky!"

Away from the side of the Indian, like a bird on the wing, glided the mare with her rider. The spectators were astounded. Donald Gray began cursing with impetuous rage. He discovered his mistake when too late. He and his men had been duped. The cunning old tramp and his trained mare had played their parts

As he saw the Oracle turn from the track and sweep away like the wind across the plain, White Falcon's rage knew no bounds. He fairly fumed, cursed his own stupidity and that or his men, calling the wrath of heaven upon

Like a madman he tore away toward the camp to procure his own beast, an animal of remarkable speed, to start in pursuit of the cunning old tramp. But when he reached the camp, what was his astonishment to find that his animal was gone!

He turned to make inquiry regarding it, of Duncan's two guards. They were not there, and, to add to his fury and astonishment, he discovered that both Jonathan Duncan and the dog Humility were gone.

A glance at the straps with which the dog had been tied showed the imprint of teeth upon it. This led to the discovery that it had been gnawed in two. Further investigation showed that Duncan's bonds had also been severed by the dog's teeth,
Then the chief could account for the absence

of his horse: Duncan had escaped upon it. this he was right; although two guards had been left with the captive while the others went to attend the race, their curiosity got the bet ter of their sense of duty, and the moment they heard the yells and shouts of their friends, they plain where they could see what was going

This proved even more fortunate than the tramp had hoped for; it left the coast clear for the dog to act its part. And no sooner did the sagacious animal hear his master's voice shouting in triumph, out upon the plain, than he applied his teeth to his bond, and in a moment snapped it in two. Then, still remembering the silent demands of his master, he sprung for ward and gnawed Duncan's thongs off his

The captive could scarcely realize what had transpired—that an animal could possibly have so much human understanding, and before he was cognizant of the fact, Humility was gone.

Realizing that he was free, Duncan knew that not a moment was to be lost in putting distance between himself and the red-skins, and selecting a fleet-looking stud from among the Indians' ponies, he mounted it and fled. shaped his course along the river until a point of timber jutting out into the plain would conceal him from view of the savages; then he turned into the open prairie and sped away up the Keya Paha on the trail of the Oracle and

He rode rapidly forward for nearly an hour. No sign of pursuers could be seen. At length he turned into the woods again, and halted to rest his jaded beast and take his bearings for a point of safety

point of sarety.

A voice hailed him.

"I say, stranger," it said, "you made yer cape, did ye? Things all worked like clock-

wheels, didn't it though?"

It was the voice of the oracle, who at this uncture rode up. Humility was following in his accustomed place at Patience's heels.

'Thank Heaven, my dear sir," Jonathan Duncan exclaimed, in a tone full of gratitude and joy; "you are the most original piece of human deception I ever met. I never saw a more perfect specimen of imbecility than you were outside of an insane asylum. You have saved my life, stranger, and in a manner that

"Then Humility, my dorg thar, did his work up skienflintically, did he? Done jist as I hinted to him, did he? He didn't act awkward 'bout it, did he? By Judea! it was a good thing we both had a smattern of low Dutch, Indians and renegades seemed transported wa'n't it? I told ye I'd git ye outen thar, didwith merriment at sight of the doleful-looking n't I? That renegade pretty nigh took the hint when I war mutterin' to you. The red ye in down at the river, and when I heard 'em slipped down the river, and seein' you war in A deep silence now fell upon the plain, not- for a fry, I concluded to come foolly on 'em. Good thing I had 'em ole close handy-played the oracle well, didn't I? But I sw'ar I came Oriental langwide! ha! ha!-

—good as ever boxed sod, or squizzed the jugular of a red-skin. Why, Patience, my mare here, is the fleetest critter in all Dakota, and I'll bet my scalp on her every clip. See, she grts herself better'n she did, don't she? Hugts herself better'n she did, don't she herself better'n she herse mility, my dorg thar, has a thunderin' site of his sudden vehemence, his hissing syllables, his man-gumpshun 'bout him, ar'n't he?—say, blazing eyes, had started back—"you need not disguised as a negress and in the service of the

what be your name, stranger?"

"Jonathan Duncan. May I ask the same of you?" replied Duncan.

"To be sure, Jonathan; speak right out. You see, I'm a stranger in these diggin's, my-I've jist come down from the nor'-west to this kentry. But up thar, Jonathan—away up in the northern part of this territory, I war familiarly called Dakota Dan, the Ranger; and I swear to the stars, Jonathan, Patience, my mare here, and Humility, my dorg thar, are three jolly sailors. Yes, I'm Dakota Dan, and proud I be of the name and the man too, Jonathan. Here, yer hand. Shake to eternal

(To be continued.)

# The Beautiful Sphinx:

THE MAN-SPIDER OF WIRTHMOOR A TALE OF EARLY ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS JR. AUTHOR OF "STEALING A HEART," "HER-CULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "THE SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ASTOUNDING REVELATION.

JEAN BANQUO smiled grimly as he pronounced the identity of his visitor, and the erpentine stick revolved more rapidly in his vellow hand.

She threw aside her vail with a gesture of surprise.
"Since you so easily discovered who I am, perhaps you can tell me what brought me here,

Jean Banquo?" "That is not difficult," answered the gnome.

his little eyes twinkling. "Be seated nigh me, and we will talk about it." He motioned her to a high hassock beside his divan, and continued, when she was seated "I have read of your coming, in the stars, Francoise Ellory. Your visit to me is one of

inquiry—you are worried, too.' "Cease your mummeries, Jean Banquo; I do not believe in your professions. But—yes, I am here to make certain inquiries."

'So," pursued the astrologer, nodding. 'And you wish to know something of a closet hidden in the house where you now live, and which, you suppose, contains important secrets onnected with your deceased father-

"Ah! by what sorcery-"Oh, I know-I am fully aware of the cause

of your coming."
"Pah! it is a mere inference," exclaimed the beautiful blonde, impatiently; "you sent this letter to my uncle"—and here she produced the note from the astrologer to the bank-"It is in reference to a secret closet in the house that is my home. Azrak, my uncle's man, came to you last night and secured the instructions it promises. They opened the closet, and were confronted by a fearful shape that frightened my uncle out of his senses "How happened you to be so well posted?"

interrupted Banquo. "Through my maid, who is devoted to me," replied Francoise, promptly and stern.

"And you followed your uncle to the pan-

eled room?" "They had no right to conceal from me the secrets of my father. My maid, Viola, also followed them after I withdrew—"
"After you fainted and was carried to your

oom," corrected the gnome, impressively. Francoise looked at him amazed.

'How did you find that out?" she demanded, in a quick breath.

Proceed, Francoise Ellory. Presently we will get at your exact business here. Remember, Jean Banquo, the astrologer, knows more than some people dream of, or would wish him to know. For every soul on earth there is a eyes, horribly enchanted by them, and held in star in the skies; every star has a page upon its face that only men like me may read. Stars and souls are the two unsolved problems of the universe—the first a record of some human fate, the second a kaleidoscope of thought, governed by the same unseen power that holds each constellation above its subject among the dust, the bloom, or the light, or the dark of Nature. Go on, F ancoise Ellory,"
"My maid," said F ancoise, who was mute

during the brief, singular speech of the gnome, 'has not been seen since she left me to com olete what I had not the strength to continue. She has disappeared. I fear some injury has befallen her.

"Probably," hinted the astrologer, meaning-"If she dogged the doings of Hubert Ulster, and was caught, he is the man to silence her tongue forever, and by a deed as foul as human brain can conceive.

Explain yourself, Jean Banquo, What makes you denounce my uncle as a bad man? She asked this in a slow but eager way, and gazed sharply into the gnome's little, gleaming

Wait. Your business; then I will speak. "This afternoon," Francoise resumed, my uncle and Azrak went out, I ascended to the paneled room. The door was locked: but I looked through the keyhole, and saw, on the opposite wall, one of the panels hanging outward-at the spot where the dreadful object appeared in the closet. But the wall was still olid with another panel, and on it was a sheet of paper bearing the words: 'If you enter, you By the fact of this warning being there, and as the door was locked, I judge that my uncle has not yet entered the closet for the accomplishment of his purpose, whatever that purpose may be. Now, first; what has become of my maid, Viola? if you are sorcerer enough to imagine. Second: what is there in th closet, which my uncle is desirous of keeping from me, and which you, very strangely, seem to be the only person cognizant of?what means can I gain access to it? Finally that so terrified my uncle?-for he shrieked aloud, and became insensible—what is there between it and him that it should so affect devils had you purty tight tho'; and it's well him? I heard him cry: 'The Spider! The tight enough. As we ascended these stairs, I With some difficulty, after suffering a severe I see'd 'em chasin' ye across the plain. I see'd Spider!' Answer me these questions, Jean looked back, and saw—" Banquo.

The gnome smiled again. There was a vinscreechin' I knowed ye were raked, and I jist | dictive glitter in his eyes now, and the wreathing of his lips was like that of a snake's fangs, betraying the anger and conflict of pestering thoughts.

"Francoise Ellory," he said, and there was a harsh strain in his tone, "two of your questions I will answer-the third, or first one, I

fear me; Jean Banquo bears you no ill-will. Hubert Ulster found out, by some means unknown to me, that Eli Ellory had a secret "We will be wary, Master Hubert, and pry closet in his house, where he stowed several into the stronghold and doings of Jean Banquo, thousand dollars in bright, ringing coin. It is for the benefit of a community deluded by his thousand dollars in bright, ringing com. It is that he seeks, and it is that he would rob you impositions." impositions."

"Yes; that is it, Azrak. If we are caught, "Yes; that is it, Azrak." that he seeks, and it is that he would rob you of. I have spied in his house when he slept; I have, more than once, held a dagger at his throat when he dreamed dark dreams in the hour of midnight—"

"Tourible man! \*\*\* For what?" gasped France of the companies o

"For my revenge—but it was not to come in that way. I chanced upon the paneled room while skulking in the upper story, and I chanced again on a small plug in the floor, near the door, underneath which I found a wire. By pulling on this wire I next discovered the closet. But, I have destroyed that spring. There is now only one way to enter the closet, and that by swinging out the mantelpiece in the next room which will give access at the side of the closet. There is a vase sitting on the mantelpiece that has been allowed to re-main there ever since Eli Ellory died. Turn this vase round twice, and the wall will open. The chimney-hole above the mantelpiece does not open into a flue, but is a ventilator to the hidden closet."

"A-h!" Francoise exclaimed, as if her memory just then recalled an item of the past, 'how well I remember; the room of which you speak was never occupied while my father was alive; and I often wondered, when I was a child, why he insisted that the old vase should remain and be untouched on the mantel-

"I overheard your uncle and his tool, Azrak, speaking of the closet," Banquo continued, in his rapid accents. "I learned that they had been searching for it for nearly nine years. It has been in my power to gain possession of the money—for I have seen it in its leathern, tight-tied bags—but Jean Banquo is not a thief. When I sent that note to Hubert Ulster yesterday"—and here the flame of his eyes, the heaving of his breast, the hot breath of his words grew deeper and direr—"I wanted him to come. I had laid a trap for his death! stay -I say you need not fear me." Francoise had arisen and stepped backward, awed, and nov dreading the harsh-voiced, fiery-eyed, terrible

"You ask who or what the hideous shape was that you, that he and this man saw in the wall? First, let me tell you that Hubert Ulster is not your uncle-

"Jean Banquo!"

"There is not one drop of blood in his family that ever ran in yours! He is an impostor. To serve his own purposes, he has proclaimed the relationship. Nearly ten years ago he came to St. Louis, and after a brief business acquaintance became one of the directors of the Merchants' Bank. When Eli Ellory died, Ulster succeeded to his position as president of the bank. Your father and he were intimate that was all. Eli Ellory did not know that he was confiding his little daughter—then not more than ten years old—to the guardianship of a black-hearted villain, a hypocrite, an assas-sin! Hubert Ulster is no less! Remember this; I reveal it for your welfare. I know Hubert Ulster. I know him too well—and, oh! how I hate—I hate him!"

The astrologer was quivering from head to oot. His long beard shook like a spray of thistle-down in a fierce blast, and his hands trembled till the end of the long wand rattled on the floor. Under the wash that hitherto softened his complexion, he was red and fairly purple, and his teeth ground out every word like stony corn-grains crushed between the jaws of a horse. A hatred deadly, ungovernable and frightful, seethed in his dwarfish form, burning to the center of his soul, and, for the moment, rendering him speechless

Francoise was riveted. His outburst chain-

a clammy spell. You want to know what the shape was?" he gibbered, his voice, like his frame, shaking and passion-strung. "You heard your uncle call it 'The Spider!" It is a thing he has cause to shrink from-yet it is human. That 'Spi der' is a man-a man with a heart of feeling that loved, that was once tender and affect tionate, a heart turned to a boiling furnace of rage and vengeance by Hubert Ulster!"

CHAPTER IX

A SHOT FROM THE DOORWAY. THE banker and the African had ascended to the cupola-observatory on the roof above the art gallery.

They had come to seek Jean Banquo in pur suance with the resolve of Ulster, who meant to purchase his advice before forcing open the wall in the paneled room, in defiance of the warning they saw there.

They had been but a few minutes in the obervatory—and Hubert Ulster was poking about among the singular instruments strewn

"A word, Master Hubert: listen to me." "Eh? What is it? See this, Azrak-and this-" tapping here and there with his cane. 'The furniture of this place suggests that Jean Banquo may be a practical astronomer, as well

But Azrak was paying no attention to the various objects surrounding them. He was very sober, and his dark eyes were of a thoughtful glance.

"I have seen what you did not," he pursued. "I have made a discovery, Master Hubert.

'Oh, you've made a discovery! Well, what is it?" continuing his examination of the disordered instruments. "I know how to reach the den of the astrolo-

ger, without the aid of a guide.

The effect of the speech was electrical "Ha! Azrak!"—Ulster spoke quickly, and grasped him by the arm. "What's that you Tell me what you have seen?" "When the disguised woman, Girasa, went into the alcove, she was too hasty in her desire

to escape us. She did not draw the curtains You saw-what did you see, Azrak?"

"Through a narrow space in the curtains, I saw her swing out the great picture against the wall, and disappear beyond it. "Ho! you did? What then? Ah! that is the way to the den of Jean Banquo. I see."

Azrak nodded wisely. Ulster nervously stroked his chin for some seconds, gazing down at the ferule of his cane his veins never flowed with yours on the floor. When he looked up, there was a

"The sun has gone down, Master Hubert. See: is not that a grand prospect?"—waving his hand eastward toward the rolling Mississippi, to the south over the chimneyed city, to the west, where lay the open country, its horizon redolent as gilded lava with the gorgeous hues of sunset.

"Very fine. But how can we manage in the dark ?" "We shall have another light here, pretty

soon—more than we want.

"What do you mean?"
"The beacon of the astrologer."
"His beacon?" repeated Ulster, inquiringly. "Every night, at the time of his reception of visitors, this cupola is illuminated, and can

be seen at a great distance in all direction "A lighthouse!" Ulster exclaimed "What vas that, Azrak?" "The astrologer's bell," replied the African, listening. "Girasa is dismissing the people in the gallery. Look over here, and you may see them depart"—stepping to the front rail of the platform, which was directly at the

eaves, where, by glancing downward, a full view of the street was plain.
Ulster and the mulatto watched the throng passing out. In the increasing dusk of evening they could not be seen, at that hight, by those on the pavement, and possibly not by parties

in the opposite building.

It was Ulster's intention to remain there till all had gone, and Girasa was off her guard, when they could proceed with their plot to ferret into the privacy of the astrologer—a dangerous plot, for they had yet to learn the ways and traps and means of defense at the command of Jean Banquo.

"Banquo has an early visitor to-night," said Azrak, who observed the cab that came furiously along the street and drove up to the

"Yes. Quiet, now," admonished the banker, withdrawing from the edge and listening. They stood like carved specters in the gloom

Suddenly Hubert Ulster staggered back and clapped his hands to his eyes. There was a peculiar, hissing, crackling noise in the air around them; tiny sparks seemed dancing here and there, like shooting stars; in another se-cond, the burners of artificial gas-lamps, arranged in a semi-circular row breast-high, flashed forth a brilliant, blazing glare that nearly blinded the banker and the African,

and startled them by its intensity.

The illumination was caused by the action of Girasa when she entered the closet containing the coated jars in the saloen below. The means by which she lighted the reflector-burners in the cupola, instantaneously and from such a distance, was a mode afterward brought into extensive application by Prof. Pepper, of

the London Polytechnic Institute. "Hush!" whispered Azrak, grasping his employer by the arm. "Step back—quick, or we will be discovered. Look." He pointed to the house opposite, where their two shadows, colossally defined, showed upon the wall.
"Let us descend, Master Hubert. All is si-

And at the moment Girasa led Françoise Elory from the gallery through the door behind the picture in the alcove, Azrak was looking from the interstice of the curtains that draped the narrow stairway leading to the cupola.

"Now is our time," said the African.
"Go ahead," and he followed Azrak, who was gliding swiftly toward the alcove. 'Haste, before she starts to return." the African urged, as they began descending the stairs n the room beyond the picture.

Reaching the second room, they paused, hes-"I thought I heard a step," muttered Azrak, bending his head.

"Curse it!" snarled the banker, nervously, while he drew a pistol from his pocket and knit his shaggy brows in a dark scowl. "You must be mistaken. I heard nothing. But, if she detects us, I'll awe her to silence with this -" and he cocked the weapon with savage determination. "Which way now, Azrak "Yonder," pointing to the second hole in the

Passing down the next flight they found themselves in the cellar. There was no lamp here—a Stygian darkness prevailed, only relieved by a faint glimmer from the trap above, and from the entrance to the corridor below. "What devilish twisted place have we ventured into?" Ulster mumbled, pettishly.

shall break our shins, or our necks, perhaps, "Hist!" warned the mulatto, dragging him backward into the impenetrable surrounding. She is coming. Take care.

Girasa was ascending the stone staircase. They could scarce distinguish her against so aint a background; but they heard and listened to her footfalls until the sound died out. When assured that she was gone, they proceeded-first removing their boots, and leaving

them where they could be found. Then down the stone staircase, between the walls of masonry-tiptoeing, crouching, now pausing, now advancing a few paces—like burglars they went; and while the banker held his pistol ready for a shot, Azrak gripped the stout cane in a hand of iron.

Unintentionally, Banquo had not entirely closed the door after the departure of Girasa, nor did he perceive the dark fingers on the surface of the door, forcing it slowly ajar, nor was he aware of the two faces-one white and the other black—that peered in at him as he talked with Francoise Ellory. For at the instant Ulster and Azrak gained a view of the interior and its occupants, the gnome was absorbed by his terrrible frenzy, his outburst of denunciative rage, and did not dream that the very object of his fearful hate was within ear-

shot and sight of him. And they were just in time to hear Francoise ask, breathless and brokenly: "What has my uncle ever done to you, Jean

Banquo?" "He is not your uncle, I tell you! You may thank Heaven that the accursed blood of

"What has he done to you?" she repeated, interrupting, though she spoke mechanically. "Enough to drive me mad!" cried the astrologer, writhing more and more. "He killed

# WARDAY WAR LOURNALD -E-SP

my father, Roderick Wirth, of Wirthmoor, England; he broke the heart of my sister. I have sworn to avenge myself upon him, and the time will come soon. I have known two crosses in my life, that have changed me to the hungry, stinging serpent I am; the first, desertion by the woman I loved—a devilish Sphinx, who once stabbed your lover, Coco Vargas, in Cairo!—the second, the murder of hous my father by the man who paid vain suit to my sister-

'What do you know of Coco Vargas?" broke in Francoise, infused with excitement by the rapid, sharp-edged speeches of the gnome. 'Enough to warn you that he is not the man for Francoise Ellory to marry—a gambler, and perhaps worse; while you are good and pure.

But never tell him I said this. Give back your love to Montrose, the model maker, and you will do well. But, it is not of Coco Vargas we are speaking—it is of myself. You want to know what the ugly deformity was that you, that Hubert Ulster and Azrak, saw in the wall? I'll tell you. It was Tyron Wirth, son of Roderick, called the 'Spider of Wirthmoor.' Behold!—I am the Spider!"

As Jean Banquo almost shouted the last, he tore off his copious turban and great beard, and ran to a basin on a skeleton stand behind his "More, more, much more— Blease let go As Jean Banquo almost shouted the last, he divan. In a trice, he had washed the false colors from his face, and when he turned again upon Francoise—with his mass of midnight hair disheveled, his eyes afire and aglow in passion, his dwarfed body crooked, and yellow hands working convulsively-she uttered a scream of terror and shrunk back, back to the stony wall; for she saw the hideous Spider, the same ghastly, wolfish, vulture-featured object that had caused her to swoon affrighted in

But Jean Banquo had no sooner effected this transformation, revealing his true characterand the shriek had scarce issued from the lips of the frightened girl, when an unexpected denouement capped the startling tableau

the upper story at her home on the bygone

Bang! went a pistol through the crack of the There was a whiz!—a thud—the astrologe.

uttered a piercing, curdling wail and reeled drunkenly backward, tossing his arms and wildly clawing the air. In the same breath, Hubert Ulster bounded

into the chamber, with the smoking weapon clutched by the muzzle, ready to beat out the brains of the man he had shot.

"Abominable Spider!" he cried, excited and wrathful, "your words are lies. That bullet is from the man you have pursued and haunted and menaced for a crime he never committed Die!-and curse you!"

#### CHAPTER X. THE BEAUTIFUL SLAVE.

THE city of Cairo, in Egypt, about eleven years before the events which we have nar-

City of glittering domes and minarets, fragrant thickets, bowers of foliage, groves of palm and gardens of dates; of wooden-latticed balconies, fountained courts, Saracenic architecture eternal and wonderful; city of hymns, symbols and spirits of imagery, spiced with the soft aromas of the Orient, redolent with the dream-songs of Persian poets and Arabic chroniclers—the magic theater of countless adventures by Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid; kissed by the dun waters of the Nile, edged by the sandy oceans of the Lybian and Arabian Deserts, track-blazed by pyramids, and lighted by a sky as hot as the breath of bubbling fur-

City of Al Mansur, home of the Turk, the Greek, the Jew, the Arab and the Moor; rendezvous of the Abyssinian, slave-mart of the Nubian, head-quarters of the traveler—the English, the American, the German, the French, a score of nations blending like the rivers with one commonality, curious, fantastic, grave, wretched and happy—monument of centuries, half-dressed, unchanging, weirdly picturesque, the gateway to the wildly desolate and bloodscorching plains of the great Sahara.

its strange population, costumes that near a their security, the camels, seemed to be for thousand years have not altered, the narrow, box-like shops, the cramped stores of the om-nipresent Jew—and to the office of Coco Vargas, a Spanish trader, who had amassed a large fortune by his camels, in the export and im port of spices, fruits and merchandise. A lingy-looking affair—yet it was the office of Coco Vargas, the trader, who was known at every bazar, and to every donkey-driver, and whose Nubian slaves lived better than many of his own customers.

The hour, sunset. Vargas had closed his office earlier than usual, and was walking before the Great Square of Cairo, which he customarily went round on his way to his home in the Frank quarters. From the minarets came the cry: "God is great! God is merci-Mahomet is the Prophet of God!

But the cry, nor the hustling throng of Turks, Copts and Moderns moving to and from the narrow streetways, did not engage him. eyes were fixed on a bow-backed Jew, a short distance ahead, whom he seemed desirous of overtaking.

of a pleasant humor, for he frowned, he was and rose. You lose time. muttering, at every step, he swung his arms, with their clinched fists, stroke-like at his sides, and occasionally snarled something from his working lips, of doubloons, camels, Jews, cheats and scoundrels.

'Ho, there! Ezrontis-halt!" he called out, at length.

But the Jew did not, or would not, hear. "Ezrontis! Jew! Thief! Swindler! Halt, I say!" and by a sudden leap, he laid his hand, heavy and iron-like, on the shoulder of the man he pursued, jerking him roughly around.

Caramba! Jacob Ezrontis-I have you!" The Jew uttered a low cry of surprise and fear; but instantly there appeared an humble grin in his weezel face, wrinkling his sparse

beard nearly above his eyes, and he whined: 'Ah! Oh! Senor Vargas—my good senor -how you do to-day? I am so glad to see you. Let go of my shoulder, blease.

"Ho! you grin at me, Jacob Ezrontis. Do you know who it is?—Coco Vargas, who loaned you five hundred doubloons, pure Spanish coin, thirteen months ago. You made over to me a bill against your camels and your house, and promised to return the money in six months. I have not seen you since. You have been playing hide and seek, you rogue!-

Ah! my good Vargas, I haf travel so far. I was a rich man when I went after gum. But Cairo. den I was fooled bad. I lose everything-everything. I am poor, so poor, my good Vargas; and I haf suffered a heap."

What do I care for that?" growled the Spaniard.

head in a sorrowful way. "I want my dues, Jacob Ezrontis. Where are my doubloons? Caramba! where are the

"Ah! you cannot do that," said the Jew, in a mournful tone, but bowing his head to conceal the sly twinkling of his eyes. "I came back to Cairo so poor, so starving, that I be most dead. I must haf eat and drink, so I haf sell my house, that I may live.

"Infernal villain!" snapped Vargas. "Ah! no, I am no villain, my good, my dear rargas. I haf only been at Cairo to-day. You think I would rob you-Got! no. Tomorrow I would pay you as much and more as you gif me. I will deal so very fair. I haf

something beautiful for you."
"'Something beautiful.' I don't want it!" Vargas gritted, tightening his hold on the shoulder of the Jew till the latter winced. 'What have you got? Will it pay me as much

of my shoulder. It is a grand gift, my good Vargas: a slave so like an angel, that, if she would get some wings, she would 'a' fly

away-'A slave? Furies of thunder!" - and he gave a squeeze with his griping hand that made Ezrontis squirm—"I don't want any more slaves; I have enough. What of my doub-loons, Jacob Ezrontis? Tell me, or I shall send you to the devil!" and here he raised his ponlerous fist under the hawkish nose of the cring-

"Stay, stay, my good Vargas," the Jew hastened to say, with a wry face, "wait till you haf see her. Such beauty—oh, grand!" "Caramba! dogs eat you and your slave!

want my money. "But, she is not a Nubian," Jacob persisted. 'Oh, not a Nubian?"

"Nor a Georgian."
"Nor a Georgian!" echoed Vargas.
"An English girl, my good Vargas, sweet as the princess of a harem."

'Ho! an Englishwoman. Caramba! Jacob Ezrontis, do you mean to tell me that you have an Englishwoman who is your slave per force of purchase?"

"Yes, yes, that is it." "And what if I inform the consul? You will be punished, you Jew!"

"No, no, no, you would not tell—hey, good Vargas? She is for you. For you I buy her with my last piaster, this angel—lovely as the sun, fair as the rose. If you would 'a' see her,

you go mad, you are so happy."

The cunning Jew, Ezrontis, was well aware of the soft spot in Coco Vargas' heart, who had been extravagantly fond of pretty women in his own country, and who—being once infatuated to madness—had followed the daughter of an American tourist for hundreds of miles. in the vain hope of finally possessing her for a wife. A man of passionate nature, he was quick to bite at the bait now offered; to talk of a woman dazzling as the sun and fair as a rose, and of English blood, was to interest him immediately.

"Let me hear that again, Ezrontis. You have a beautiful English girl"—and now he shifted his tight hold on the Jew's shoulder to a familiar pluck by the sleeve—"so lovely that she is worth more than doubloons, camels

"Yes, my good Vargas; and she is for you. She will pay you twenty times for what you haf lose—so I will swear."

"But where did you get her?—of whom?—how?" with a fidget that betrayed jealous attention.

tention. "From a wandering tribe of the Aynezeh.

But when you shall come to my house, I tell you more. You shall see her."
"Yes. Haste, Ezrontis. Caramba! let me look at the English girl."

And thither we take the reader, at a date eleven years back, to the Arab quarters, with He was thoughtful. The loan of doubloons, or gotten; his wrath over his loss was appeased for the time. In truth, the Spaniard's imagination was already at work; he was eager to gaze on the promised prize.

The house of the Jew was not very far from the Great Square, and Vargas was not so absorbed that he failed to perceive it was in another locality than the former abode of his debtor, which convinced him that Ezrontis had, indeed, sold his old residence, either to save himself from starvation, as he affirmed, or to escape prosecution, which was most like Like nearly all the houses, it was built with the second story projecting over the first, supplied, also, with one of those fibrous balco-

like screens of woven bark, Entering here, Ezrontis brought forth narghilehs, and proceeded to whiff the grateful Vargas, whose impatience was unbounded and growing, waved aside the prof-fered hospitality, but drank copiously of sherbet, to which he helped himself

"Be about this," he said, when he had smacked his lips over the draught. "Bring Whatever were his thoughts they were not out your jewel, Ezrontis—your combined sun

"Presently, my good Vargas," returned the Jew, as he rung a tiny bell. A lithe young Nubian answered the sum-

mons, to whom Ezrontis gave some instructions in a low tone.

There was a long delay, and the Spaniard was moving restlessly, when the door opened again, and the Nubian returned, bearing a roll of light, rich carpet and a rug of marvelous workmanship. These he spread upon the floor before the Jew and the Spaniard; after which, he lighted a number of burners around

the apartment, and softly withdrew.
"Caramba! Jacob Ezrontis, are we going to have a show?" grumbled Vargas, looking at the rug, at the Jew, at the mellow lamp-flames that were diffusing a luscious odor through the room, and beginning to tire of waiting

The Jew nodded his half-bald head, and

smiled cunningly. "Y-e-s." he drawled, composedly inhaling the perfumed smoke of his narghileh, "such a show you haf never see.

At that moment the door opened for the third time, and a figure appeared—a figure lid's comfort. In short, she was the pet and dressed in a black bag, as it were, and a hood of somber cowl, with the ghastly, eye-pierced mask of white worn by the women of olden

Close behind her followed the young Nubian, turbaned and robed in brown, blue, violet and crimson, and carrying an ornamented lute, tasseled and raying with precious stones; and when she paused on the rug of golden Nothing, nothing!" and Ezrontis shook his fringe, he lingered gravely at the outer edge, where he placed for himself a tri-colored has-

"Furies of thunder!" blurted Coco Vargas,

much haste. Presently you will think dif-

"Dios! Look at that!" gasped the Spaniard, involuntarily.

He staggered back a pace, surprised, transfixed, thrilled to the soul. (To be continued—commenced in No. 237.)



#### THIS TIME A YEAR.

BY R. T. KENNEDY. Last June, a band of maidens free Were floating down a starlit stream; Fair Rene, midst all their joyous gle, Alone sat silent, in a waking dream.

The mountains echoed back their song, And echoed back their laughing jest; And as in manifold the echoes throng, They laughed aloud with greater zest.

With silent mien and bended head, And eyes upon the water clear, Rene sat, mid jest, then sudden said: "Where will we be this time a year?"

The year has flown; and of that band Fair Rene we number with the dead Gay Em has gone to distant land, And Kate and May are happy wed;

Saline has wooed the muses' power, With witty word and mighty pen; And Bertie fair, with beauty's dower, Is still as free as she was then.

## And now when sailing silently O'er starlit streamlet rippling clear Remember then, they must, their glee When floating here this time a year. Pretty Mrs. Gordon.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

NETTIE and I are orphan girls, and our home is a pretty place on the banks of the Delaware, not far from Philadelphia. We are not so roung as we once were, for I am twenty-sever and Nettie was twenty three last summer, but we are not too old to enjoy life, nor too young to live as we have since our father's death. alone with one servant.

If you like, you may call us old maids, but —well—there is a wealthy young farmer—and a thorough gentleman he is, too—who comes o see Nettie very regular, and as to myself, there is an operator in one of the telegraph offices up in the city, whose name is Harry Saunders, and one of these days, if we live, my name will be Saunders too. Of course I think him a noble fellow—as indeed he is—and that will do for us, I think. Except that I will say, though I am only quiet Jenny Glover, with the most moderate share of beauty, I don't fear one of the pretty city belles he meets every day, for not one of them can win my Harry

Well—if I'm going to tell my little story without being tedious—our home is such a pretty place that every summer city people come out and apply for board. We have never aken them till this summer, but it has been very hard times, you know, and Nettie wants a new piano—a Steinway—very much; so I told her we would take two or three ladies this summer, and she should have the money for the frightened-away color, and then I went out

First came an elderly lady and her daughter

Mrs. Stokes and Miss Josie—very wealthy city people, who wanted a quiet rest, because Mrs. Stokes was in too poor health to go among the bustle and confusion of a stylish watering

They were excellent people, too wealthy and well-bred to be proud and haughty, coming of pure old Quaker stock, and we soon grew to love them very much. Jessie Stokes and sister Nettie were warm friends in a few days, and we thought we would not take any one else in

to disturb the pleasure of our happy summer. We refused a number of applications. But one morning a lovely little lady came down from the city, saying she was a stranger, living in Washington, kept in or near Philadelphia all summer by business relating to some city property. She couldn't bear to stay in the eity through the hot weather, and having noticed our pretty home as she was riding by, she begged of us to take her in a while.

She showed us recommendations addressed to the city lawyers who had charge of her business, from men in Washington whose names were known even to quiet people like us, and she pleaded so winningly to become one of us that our hearts melted

We held a consultation with Mrs. Stokes and even she could see no objection to a lady came so well recommended, and who would be such a charming addition to a social

We agreed to take her, and, highly pleased Mrs. Gordon—so she gave us her name—went back to the city, to return, bag and baggage, by the four o'clock train. We sent our own light wagon up to bring her from the depot and on the ride she fairly charmed our honest tenant-farmer, who acted as driver, so that he said to me, as he carried in her trunk, that 'that was the nicest, prettiest, sociablest little cre'tur' he ever did see.

She charmed the rest of us as well as farmer Bennett, with her winning ways and dainty dresses, and in a week's time nobody called her anything but pretty Mrs. Gordon, except when they spoke to herself.

She won Nettie's heart completely by her wonderful music. The old piano rung like silver bells under her white fingers, and such singing is seldom heard off the best stage. She delighted old Mrs. Stokes and Miss Josie

too, by her thoughtful attention to the invaplaything of the whole circle, from Nettie and I down to our maid Barbara. I never saw any person who had so entirely the power of fascinating others as pretty Mrs. Gordon. She had been there about a month, I think,

when the first shadow of trouble came. She told us she was not very wealthy, but had as silently means to live in comfort, and a prospect of more when the city business was settled. She breath. paid her board bills promptly, and appeared eason to doubt her statement.

fully, and wringing his hands. "I haf been robbed by de wild men—Bedouins—thieves—I have your life for this trick, Jacob Ezrontis!" haf nothing left. I shall starve." her out! Do you take me for an ass? I'll have your life for this trick, Jacob Ezrontis!" bracelets, set with garnets, belonging to Miss and clenching his fists with a hiss and a snarl, Josie. Josie said when she came down to suphave your life for this trick, Jacob Ezrontis!" bracelets, set with garnets, belonging to Miss and clenching his fists with a hiss and a snarl, Josie. Josie said when she came down to suphaf nothing left. I shall starve."

"You lie, Jacob Ezrontis!—you are well-fed and fat. You vile cheat! I will have what belongs to me. You have been robbed. You have spent my doubloons and lost your camels.

Caramba! your house—I will take your the blow of the poised fist. "You make too the blow of the poised fist. "You make too the blow of the poised fist." You will think different parts of them, she asked Mrs. Stokes where the poised fist. "You make too the blow of the poised fist." You make too the blow of the poised fist. "You make too the blow of the poised fist." You make too the blow of the poised fist. "You make too the blow of the poised fist." You make too the blow of the poised fist. "You make too the blow of the poised fist." You make too the blow of the poised fist. "You make too the blow of the poised fist." You make too the blow of the poised fist. "You make too the blow of the poised fist." You make too the blow of the poised fist. "You make too the blow of the poised fist." You make too the blow of the poised fist. "You make too the blow of the poised fist." You make too the poised fist. "You make too the poised fist." You make too the poised fist. "You make too the poised fist." You make too the poised fist. "You make too the poised fist." You make too the poised fist. "You make too the poised fist." You make too the poised fist. "You make too the poised fist." You make too the poised fist. "You make too the poised fist." You will think off. went up again they were not there, out supposing her mother had put them away she said nothing. In the morning, happening to my face told no secrets, so she was satisfied.

I threw myself on the sofa, and declaring I have a sharp glance, out my face told no secrets, so she was satisfied.

I threw myself on the sofa, and declaring I have a sharp glance, out my face told no secrets, so she was satisfied.

We were all surprised and alarmed. Nettie rested. and I very much distressed, as nothing of the kind had ever occurred to us before. We could not suspect old Barbara—as well suspect ourselves, and how would any one else have got into the room? No search through the house, and no inquiry, threw any light on the subject, and we were in a state of agitation all

At night Harry came down from the city, and pretty Mrs. Gordon was the first one to tell him of our loss. Much discussion ensued, and at last we all adopted Harry's view, that some robber had entered the front hall, gone up-stairs and taken the jewel-case while we were at supper, and it was only a mercy he

had not robbed every room up-stairs.

Mrs. Stokes offered a reward for their return through the city papers, and then we tacitly agreed, except in mind, to drop the unpleasant

But that was not the end of trouble. In a few days Nettie came to me with a pale face, and told me that her gold watch and chain had disappeared. I was much alarmed, but I cautioned her not to say a word to the boarders,

and we might get a clue some how. At dinner that very day Mrs. Gordon told us that a costly ring had been taken from her

"Then there was a robber about last night." cried Mrs. Stokes. "I was almost sure, Mrs. Gordon, that I heard some one moving about in your room, and I was going to alarm the house, but when I sat up to listen I heard no

more, so I thought I must have been mistaken."
"Oh, mercy!" screamed Mrs. Gordon, turning pale; "a robber in my room! I should have died with fright! And not a man about

"I wish I knew what to do," said I. "Do have your farmer to sleep up here nights," said Mrs. Stokes.

"Oh, yes, do!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "This is such a lovely place, and I like you all so much, I hate to go away. But indeed I shall be afraid to stay longer than this week without some man in the house."

"I have to go to the city for some things this afternoon," said I, as I rose, faint and sick from the table; "but when I come back I'll see farmer Bennett and get him to stay here to-night.'

As I went up to my room Mrs. Gordon asked me to get a piece of lace for her at Sharp-less', and having promised, I hastily dressed Now I had not mentioned my real business

in the city to any one. But it was to deposit in a city bank the money I had received from our boarders, and was saving for Nettie's piano. It amounted to nearly two hundred dollars, and I began to see the folly and danger

of keeping it in the house.

I dressed hurriedly, fearing to miss the train, then unlocked the drawer where I kept the money, and put in my hand to take up the pocket-book in which I had placed it. Money and purse were both gone!

Deathly sick and faint, I dropped into a chair, trying to realize my loss! Not only

Nettie's disappointment but the horror in the ouse chilled my very heart. There was no use looking for it. It had lain in that spot when I locked the drawer the

night before, and the key had been in my pocket ever since! Well, I could do nothing but go to town and see Harry and ask him what to do. Meantime I would let no one know. I bathed my face, and rubbed my cheeks and lips well to restore

into the hall. Remembering pretty Mrs. Gordon's request I tapped at her door. It was a crack ope and at my tap it swung further back, so that I caught a glimpse of her bending over a little casket of jewels. But the case was instantly shut, locked and key in her hand, as she turned to me with a nervous little laugh, saying:

jewelry to see if I missed anything but the And did you?" I asked, quite steadily. "No, not a thing," she said, with another nervous little laugh. Then she gave me her directions about the lace, and I went mechanically, yet steadily down-stairs and out of the house, walked rapidly to the station, and never

"Come in. I was only looking over my

dared think once, till I sunk into my seat in the train, and had time to recover my self-For I had made an awful discovery. Hastily as pretty Mrs. Gordon snapped that casked shut, I had a glimpse of a golden chain which

I could almost swear was Nettie's! It was an awful suspicion, but I could not control or keep it back. And the more I thought of it, the more certain I was that it was Nettie's chain. I remembered her ner vousness—I recalled her pallor at the table—I thought of several little things unnoticed be-

And all I could conclude on was to go to Harry and ask his help. Fast as the train flew it seemed to me to creep, and when we reached the river the ferry-boat did not seem to move at all.

I sprung into a street-car because my feet could not fly fast enough, and in five minutes I was in Harry's office. He saw by my face that something was wrong, and led me at once into his private office and seated me in a comfortable chair.

'Now, little one, what is it?" he asked. And rapidly as I could I told my story from

first to last. "Great God!" was Harry's solemn exclamation, as I ended. He sat a few moments in deep thought. Then suddenly looking up, he asked: "Did you say one of her letters was from Senator B----

'Yes," I replied. "Come," cried he, springing up. I followed him into the outer office, and in ten seconds a message was flying over the wires to Senator

It seemed an age-it was but half an hour before this flew back: "Never gave such a letter. Never knew such a person. Am positive Senator H—— never did either. You are being imposed on—better be

Harry looked at me. I answered his gaze "Well?" I said, as soon as I could find

"You go right home," said Harry, "and always to have plenty of money, so we had no watch her closely. Don't let your manner excite any suspicion, but tell them carelessly Well, I said a shadow of trouble came. One that I am coming down in the six-o'clock mels? Hey?"

"what is this?—some withered old hen you would pass off under such a disguise? Kick looking very serious, and announced the loss Go now."

So I hastened home, only stopping to procure Mrs. Gordon's lace. I mentioned very carelessly, to Nettie, in presence of the others, that she might tell Barbara to delay supper half an hour, as Harry would be down by the

was very tired, begged her to play till I got

She sat down to the piano, and played a good many things, while I seemed deeply in-

At the sound of footsteps she rose, just as Harry and a gentleman in black clothes entered. Before a word could be said, this gentleman

caught Mrs. Gordon's arm, saying, "Excuse me, madam, but you are my prisoner."
She turned white as death, but started back, exclaiming quickly, "What poor joke is this?

Who are you, sir?"
Without a word he threw back his black coat and pointed to the officer's badge upon his vest, and with a low cry, pretty Mrs. Gordon fell, fainting. Placing her upon a sofa,

he snapped a pair of handcuffs over her delicate wrists, and felt in her pocket.

Drawing out a bunch of keys, we all followed him up-stairs. The casket had disappeared, but upon opening her trunk, it was found. And when it was opened, lo! Josie's jewels, Nettie's watch and chair, and a number of other articles, owners unknown. In her trunk we found my money, and several more articles

of jewelry.

When we went down-stairs, pretty Mrs. Gordon was just recovering her senses. soon after, the officer took her away, while

Harry remained with us. We missed nothing more that summer. The Stokes' stayed with us late in the season, They were delightful people, but I don't think we will ever take any more summer boarders. Especially since before another summer shall live in the city myself, with Harry, and Nettie and her husband will occupy our home.

#### THE LAST TRYST.

Over brown moors and withered leas
The angry winds were sweeping;
Over the great gray northern seas
The crested waves were leaping;
And you and I stoed close together,
In the chilling gleam of the wintry weather,
As the bare, gaunt branches, overhead,
Shook their lingering leaflets, gold and red,
While in every faltering word we said
Rung the pitiful wail for the days that were dead;
For, by the sad seas, 'neath the storm-beat trees,
Our last tryst we were keeping.

Our last tryst we were keeping.

scarce could hear the words you sobbed
Amid your passionate weeping,
And the glow from my eager prayer was robbed
By the chill around us creeping;
From the silent paths, where in summer weather,
Youth, joy and music had met together,
From the cry of the sea-mews flitting past,
D'er the wild white waves in the bitter blast,
From the breakers that crashed on the hollow sand,
From the sough of the breeze o'er the dull dry land,
From sea and shore rose, "No more, no more,"
As our last tryst we were keeping.
There was not a pale bud left, in sooth.

As our last tryst we were keeping.
There was not a pale bud left, in sooth,
'Mid the dry leaves round us heaping;
The bitter harvest of reckless youth
Time's iron hand was reaping;
Our lips still said, "Forever, forever,"
As the trembling fingers clung together.
But even then each sad heart knew
What fate and circumstance meant to do,
And the mighty billows boomed like a knell,
As we turned apart from that long farewell;
And to wind, and rain, and the moaning main,
Left the last tryst of our keeping.

### The Letter-Box.

MARY A. H. (Stamford) writes:

"Suppose a lady and gentleman, strangers to each other, are visiting at the same house. Existing circumstances prevent the lady visitor and her hostess from retiring until the gentleman has been shown his room. Would it not be rude for the lady to constantly remark upon the lateness of the hour, that she was very sleepy, etc., as long as the gentleman had made no move to retire nor the host to show the visitor his room?"

Certainly. It would be direct rudeness, not only to the gentleman but to the host and hostess. In such a case the lady should consult the convenience and wishes of the others, and restrain her personal neclinations.

nclinations.

One of the Three writes:
"Three young ladies, one a member of the household, the others visitors, were left alone an evening by their host and hostess. A caller came, an old triend of the family. His call was upon no particular person. The young lady of the house and one of the visitors made little effort to entertain him, and soon retired. The other lady maintained that they were selfish and rude, both of which imputations they deny. Please settle the case."

They were selfish to inflict duties and company upon their companion of which they gladly rid themselves. They were also rude—the lady of the house especially—unpardonably so, toward the gentleman; and rude also toward the master and mistress of the house, whose place they should have filled to their friends.

Postmaster says:

POSTMASTER SAYS:
He visited a young lady residing with her sister, and seeing an album, asked if it was hers. She replied, "It is my sister's," and did not notice his intimation that he would like to see it. He asks: "Was it wrong to make the remark? Was her answer intended to inform me my company was not agreeable? They seem to welcome me at succeeding calls—is this simply out of respect?"
Your remark was not wrong or out of place; but the lady may have had excellent reasons for not showing her sister's album, or may have lacked perception to understand that your remark conveyed a desire to look att. You must be your own judge, not by that one omission of attention, but by the lady's general manner toward you, of whether your company is disagreeable to her. If they are well-bred people, they will of course treat you with a certain amount of respect when you visit them, but you alone can tell whether that respect is merely cool politeness or the warmth of friendship.
CHARLES HENRY (Lakland) writes:

cool politeness or the warmth of friendship.

CHARLES HENRY (Lakland) writes:

"In escorting a lady out to her carriage what services are required of me?"

Offer her your arm or hand down the steps and walk. If there be a gate to pass through, hold it open for her. Take her left hand to assist her in getting in the carriage. If she has no driver, unfasten the halter, put it in the carriage, and arrange the reins for her. Lift your hat at parting.

range the reins for her. But your hat at parting.

JACK HAIGHT (Philadelphia), writes:

"At Long Branch I was introduced, by a mutual acquaintance, to a very interesting young lady of this city. Our megting and conversation did not occupy over five minutes, and we have not met since; but I was charmed with her, and greatly desire to see her again. I know her address, but have no acquaintances in town who are hers also, and have had no invitation to call. Would it do for me to call without an invitation, or could I send her a note asking her permission to call upon her?"

The latter plan would be by far the better one. It would not do to call without an invitation, presuming upon a five minutes' chat. Write her a graceful, gentlemanly note, simple and concise. If she give the desired permission, see that you use it entirely with reference to her convenience and expressed or implied pleasure. If she refuse, remember that it is no more than she has a perfect right

r that it is no more than she has a perfect right

to do.

BESSIE AND BELLA.

Never again allow yourself to think of "answering advertisements for correspondents." It is a rash, unwise, and unmaidenly act, which can never result in good. We have known of not a few cases, all of which have led to unpleasant and sorrowful results. Gentlemen would not insert such advertisements, and you surely would not care to mix yourself up with unprincipled and low characters. No act or series of acts carried on clandestinely can be honorable. Seek your "fun" in some more ennobling pursuit, or at least in something not unladylike, wrong and dangerous.

BERFHA (Nyack):

BERTHA (Nyack):
Your invitations should read thus:
"Miss Bertha — requests the pleasure of Miss
— 's company, to play croquet and practice archery, at three to-morrow afternoon, at Sunset

Add the date at lower, left-hand corner.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1874.

The Saturday Journal is sold by all Newsdealers in the Unite States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent div-by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates

Terms to Subscribers:

Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepa American postage.

137 All communications, subscriptons, about be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

#### ALBERT W. AIKEN'S

#### INJUN DICK

the fourth romance of the noted Dick Talbot Series, is now in the hands of artists for illustration. The series is certainly a most remarkable exposition of this fierce, wild, strange, peculiar life, and the last of the stories, now announced, is the fit climax to what will hereafter stand as an exceptional success in the world of American romance.

SOON TO APPEAR! An exquisite story of City Life in Garrets and Gilded Homes.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET. A fascinating, life-real, deeply-affecting ro-

mance, enlisting the noted author's finest powers and deepest sympathies. With a poor sewing-girl for heroine, she develops a strange history-one of the many of which this Great City is so full!

#### The Arm-Chair.

No boy who "plays out" during the evening and night is safe. He is as sure to run into bad company and to get into bad habits as water is to run down hill. The night is too propitious for mischief, and too alluring in its temptations to make any boy then safe who is not well cared for by some older and very wise companion. As a rule, therefore, all boys who are good, and hope to remain so, will not seek the streets at night. For evening amusement, arrange readings, charades, chess or backgamvisitations at home, and you will be surprised at the pleasure derived. Invite your young friends of both sexes to participate, and you'll quickly learn how coarse and unsatisfactory are street pleasures compared with those

WHEN a vice becomes so all-pervading that men can boldly pronounce it a virtue, it makes an issue at once on the relative character of vice and virtue—if, indeed, they are not convertible terms. The late "combinations" in the liquor trade for furthering the interests of liquor-dealers and manufacturers, have resulted in the publication of weekly journals to fight the temperance cause; and, casting aside all disguise, these organs now, for the first time in the history of the awful traffic, boldly avow the righteousness of the traffic and call for its protection by legislation!

This is a day of surprises, and sensations, and men are not easily thrown from their equainmity, but we imagine the sober-minded citizen is not yet prepared for this new and defiant attitude of the liquor interest.

adverting to the tremendous consumption of iquor in England, France, Germany and the United States, says:

"The value of this immense comsumption in the four countries named cannot be much less than \$2,000,000,000, and, with the money invested in its production and manufacture, it certainly exceeds \$4,000,000,000. Look at these stupendous figures, and then ponder over the puny efforts of crack-brained moralists to suppress such

"Crack-brained moralists!" expresses the new situation: four billion dollars versus the "moralists." Are they prepared for the issue?

ANOTHER school journal just added to the list of "educational" papers is the Albany School Bulletin. It evidently has work be fore it if it tells the truth about New York teachers. Jonathan Tenny, Deputy State School Superintendent, states that, during his labors as Institute principal, he uniformly gave out to teachers test lessons in spelling with results that will certainly surprise thos who believe that teachers are well taught. The table is given by counties, exhibiting the per centage of teachers who failed to spell the list-words correctly, and the average in de-

fault, in eighteen counties, was 42 per cent! As the list comprised such common words as separate, confectionery, indelible, professor, especially, inflammatory, vaccination, ventila tion, parallel, liquify, plaguy, vying, trafficker, punctilious, bilious, salable, obeisance, pomace, surcingle, shrubbery, privilege, occurrence, supersede, corroboration, ferule, fiery, harelip, inveigle, ignitible, lien, mattress, mortise, goal, gavits, etc., etc., we may infer one of two things-either that the New York schools "graduate" a good many dunces, or else that teachers, with or without a diploma. are shockingly indifferent to the language they speak. What do the teachers of the West say Can they show a better record? We should hope so.

#### Sunshine Papers.

#### A Ride on an Engine.

THE clatter, clatter, rumble, rumble, and sense and jar of swift progress, of which one upon a railroad train-is vaguely conscious even during sleep, suddenly ceased and I sat upright. Pushing back the hood of my mantel I peered out into the darkness. Had we arrived at M——? Presently the hoarse cry of a brakeman warned me to "Change cars!" Doubts thus settled, I gathered together my packages—what woman is not always supplied with them?—and went out into the darkness rendered doubly intense by the great glare of red that burned along one track. I walked into the red light, then out again into darkness. and then strong hands grasped me and helped me to a platform.

I knew it was Jones. Jones was the canductor. I wish his name was something else. Jones, like Brown and John Smith, is neither or Percy St. Leger would look prettier in print? However, what Jones lacks in name he If you place a person in a high p nakes up in point and quality of corporeal substance and genuine good-naturedness. My knowledge of this fact was what led me to say, when I presented my ticket, as he came through the dimly-lighted, nearly-deserted car that was flying along through the darkness:

"I would like a ride upon the engine."
"Would you," said that same Jones, who unlike that other one of his family of the "Stanislaus," has never been immortalized in rhyme by "Truthful James," but deserves to be; "would you? Then you shall! I'll put you on at the next station."

"Albertson's!" A glimmer of light appears at the car-door, and I go out to the lantern that hangs upon Jones' arm. I am lifted and pulled upward into darkness, a heated atmosphere, and close contiguity to a raging fire.

A moment more and we are rattling along

the road at no mean rate. The wind rushes cool and fresh against me from the open window at my side, and catching my mantel almost whirls it away. The engineer, whom I can just discern through the darkness, kindly asks me if I desire more air, and puts slightly ajar the window in front. Then he stands by my side and tells many interesting things about engines, and talks well; from which fact, deductions and sermonizings being in my line. I deduce this conclusion:

If people would talk only of those subjects with which they are perfectly familiar, instead of appearing ashamed to know anything concerning the very pursuits which they should understand fully, they would often interest, instruct and please persons who would other-

wise pronounce them unmitigated bores. This engineer talked of what he knew, and of what was full of interest to him, and thus interested his passenger. I was prepared to think well of him and that he was pleasantfaced before I saw him. Though he stood near me—his face even with my shoulder where I was perched upon a high seat, and only a shaft of machinery separating us—I could only see him when with clanking chains the great door of the furnace was swung wide, and the stoker heaped coal upon the molten, scarlet mass within.

Occasionally fiery showers fell about us, and the bell swung to and fro with its warning. Away in front was densest darkness into which a red path of light swept swift and vivid, illuminating, momentarily, cliffs and over-hanging rocks and thick forests, but always with blackness and uncertainty ahead. might be fair scenes there, or dark defiles, danger and death. We could not know until the red light swept over them. Then must life or death depend upon the firm hands, the true heart of the man who controls the engine.

How it rattles, and bounds, and flings itself along the track, like some flerce, life-endowed creature! Only a thing of man's construction, subsersive to man's will, after all! Great the maker, wonderful the creation of his genius and labor—symbolizing infinitely well the life of man himself. What is the life of every human being but an engine! Does not life like this great monster plunging along this iron road, "speed from us ever like a bird on the wing?"

List to the echoes as we fly over these broad meadows!-light, and swift, and circling far away—echoes of happy words and gay laugh ter scattered along the flowery leas of life. Now we rush between rocky walls; and the echoes that reverberate in thunder tones are of years when "life was real, life was earnest" and full of toil and discouragements and weariness. Ever ahead is the darkness and uncertainty of the future; ever we are boundng over to-days toward unknown to-morrows over the road of life a red light ever falls, the vivid, God-given one of conscience;—ours the luty to keep it clearly burning, that it may

show dangers ahead. Dangers ahead! Trials and temptations sore of the engine, the "still, small voice" warns-

'down breaks!" Now, I-will-power, life's most glorious gift stand firm at the post; for upon you, oh en gineer! the soul's safety depends; perhaps the safety of many souls!

Down breaks! Stop short when deceit, dis sipation, dishonor, lie ahead! Reverse the en rine! Save, unto an eternally radiant future he soul you carry! But when the track i clear, the path is right, keep the heart-fire glowing brightly, and with steady hands and ead and aim-Go ahead!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### AMONG THE PROVERBS.

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

Happy the man to whom Heaven hath given a morsel of bread without laying him under obligation to any but Heaven itself." You have, doubtless, read the story of the

man who saved another's life and who was rewarded for so doing by receiving a thousand dollars, and who was, ever after, dunning his victim for money, always making the same plea: "Remember I saved your life." The matter went on until the poor man who had been saved from a watery grave sold one thing and another to meet the insatiable de mand of his preserver, but at last his cash and his patience gave out at the same time, and he was forced to exclaim, "The next time you see me drowning, be kind enough not to save

That was a pretty good story, even if it wasn't true, but there are parallel cases to it everywhere, and I can tell you of one: A young friend of mine who had lost quite a little sum of money in business, and being some what deficient in greenbacks, stayed a little while with some friends who showed him some attentions by purchasing a few articles and mending his clothes for him-neighborly ac tions such as one ought to show to another. but something put these good friends out of temper, and then you ought to have heard the It was a regular Vesuvius. "I guess you'll know where to go when you want any more clothes mended or paper collars bought. You do not consider the obligations you are under to us.

Supposing he had been under these same obligations, was that any reason they should bring it all up and spit their venom upon him Did it show a Christianlike spirit? Perhaps you may imagine they had good cause for what they did. I don't think so. I know both parties, and can judge for myself. I am very well aware that in all quarrelings and bicker ings there are faults on both sides, yet I do not think there was any cause for such a bitter outburst. One of the family had written on a book that my friend valued highly, as it was the gift of one since dead, and he slightly remonstrated thereat. I would have done the same-wouldn't vou?

It is hard enough to receive the charities of another, to be beholden to any one, save God, swept away; no time to inform herself of her ding.

euphonious nor distinctive; but since he insists upon being known as Jones why should I demur-simply because Edward De La Estrange us feel as though we had rather starve than thusband's tastes and pursuits, and better fit herself to be an appreciative helpmate; no time to beautify their home by little womanly mur simply because Edward De La Estrange | us feel as though we had rather starve than

> If you place a person in a high position of character by assuring him that, if it had not been for you and your influence, he never would have been where he now is? Pshaw! When I hear people talk in that strain, I feel as though I'd like to tell Brother Tom to put on his heavy boots and kick some individuals.

If I were a man, and could fight my way through the world, I would do it. I would ask no favors of any one. I would get all the help I could from Heaven, for I don't believe Heaven would be continually telling me of all the blessings I had received from it.

Oh, what a mean and despicable spirit it does show in one to treasure up all the little acts done and then overwhelm you with a cataract of encomiums of their own bounty It just spoils all their goodness. What they may have accomplished goes for naught; they place themselves in a most contemptible light and, instead of gaining man's good will, they are more likely—and deservedly so—to be come objects of scorn and detestation.

I should think a person's gratitude was sufficient compensation for doing an act of kind ness, although it does not appear to be so in some persons' estimation. All the gratitude in the world, all the money you may heap on them, does not seem to satisfy them one-half so much as the pleasure they will experience in being enabled to brag about all the good they have accomplished in your behalf, and prove to you that you are beholden to them for all your prosperity. If they talked so to me, I'd tell them to go to Guinea, and then to myself I'd inwardly say, "Happy the man to whom Heaven hath given a morsel of bread without laying him under obligation to any but Heaven itself." EVE LAWLESS.

#### "NO TIME."

I'm sure that I'm busy early and late, and yet I am always pushed; I have no time for any-thing outside of the regular routine."

Thus says Mrs. Smith, one of those ever-busy natrons her own words describe, in one of the few breathing-moments she ever takes, drop ping into a rocker and swaying back and forth nalf a dozen times before she stretches out her hand and takes up the lace-edged ruffling in which she is putting laborious stiches.

"For Susie's new aprons," she explains. 'It seems almost a waste of time to put se much work upon anything meant for that rough child, more careless than you can imagine, but they have such an unfinished look without, and I am determined, while I keep up at all, my children shall look as well as other people's.

Then the flushed, tired face is bent over the lace and cambric, and the flying fingers set the minute stitches joining the two, which even the machine in the corner cannot accomplish, and Mrs. Smith is all unconscious that she ha exposed the leak by which all that might have been her leisure is frittered away. The inof-fensive sewing-machine, which Mr. Smith provided, years ago, in the hope, poor man! that the complaint, "No time," which had grown so familiar to his ears, might be abated, has een made the instrument of an increased bur With it has been introduced the rufflin and tucking and plaiting and braiding, all the elaborate extravagance of adornment in dress needful to keep the children looking "as well as other people's," and thereby the weekly laundering has increased fourfold. And as with this, so with other labor-saving

achines: not one has been brought into use in that household except to abuse the end it was meant to consummate.

There are excellent dinners served up there. Roasts arrived at the proper degree of brownness, everything done to a turn, desserts of flaky pastry and enticing, rich dyspeptic cake, and dishes of "such stuffs as dreams are made f," and Mrs. Smith, excellent housekeeper superintends all which her own hands do no nemselves prepare.

Little wonder that when Mr. Smith, with the friends he likes to gather about him, make an appearance, she is flurried, constrained, and painfully ill at ease after the ceaseless hurry in her day's work, the pitched-on dressing af erward, sick in body and worn out in mind from having "no moment to call her own," not in that day simply, but through a long stretch of arid weeks and months past. No wonder that when tickets for the Philharmoni are afterward produced, her refusal to attend, not always unaccompanied by a sigh, perhaps, is accepted as a matter of course. She has 'no time," poor woman, to forget self and the mountain of troubles which many would call trifles, piled upon her own head—to leave behind her for an hour that oppressive round where only the "earth, earthy" can be recog nized, no time to be wafted away upon strains of angelic sweetness, to be lifted up by them from the shallow groove where her life is set to be cheered and ennobled by them, to find herself a better woman through one of those refining influences toward which the noble nature of all mankind instinctively turns.

Mr. Smith, with his friends, goes to the Philharmonic, and the breach of sympathy growing gradually between them is widened by an atom. Mrs. Smith takes up her eternal stitching, an embroidered jacket for Tommy this time, which must be done for the school excursion to-morrow; as if Master Tom will have either remembrance or regard for embroidery when he chases butterflies over the free green sward to-morrow, or dabbles knee deep in the brooks, and tosses up his hat and halloes with all the enthusiasm of a born-and bred city boy let loose from dusty pavements and a watchful mother's care! There are uncut magazines upon the table; it is long sinc the daily papers have been there—they are all left on a certain desk down-town, and Mr. Smith is wont to treat the Woman Question with a contemptuous indifference which declares louder than words his opinion of the relative capacity of the sexes.

It is always ungrateful to search out a fault without suggesting a remedy, but here the las seems obvious when once the leak is discover

ed and a resolution applied to stopping it. If Mrs. Smith would dispense with ruffles sucks and embroidery; if her labor-saving ma chinery were applied to the end it is meant to attain: if she trusted more to her cook and laid greater stress upon personal endowments than a pampered appetite; if she would so order her household affairs that some regularity should attend each regular task; if the time thus saved were resolutely taken as her own moments for improvement and recreation more would be gained than at first thought will seem possible. Gone would be that "no time" which is oppressive to all about her-no

touches which mere money cannot buy; no time to train a graceful vine over a mirror, to life, does it add anything to your dignity of have glasses of hyacinths blooming upon the mantels, or geraniums and heliotrope in the windows; no time to love brightness and beauty, and feel life a blessed boon; no time for anything but one endless treadmill; no experience beyond being "so tired" always; no expectation except to lay down the burden some day; to enter eternity with no better preparation than that reluctant awe conse quent upon having had "no time" here.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Wedding Gifts.

It has been my good fortune to celebrate many wedding-days. I do not want it understood that it has been my good fortune to have been married more than once, by any means not so, indeed. I never was married but once Once is often a thousand times too much, but in this case I am happy to say that it was just enough. I never want to get married again. I say this because I don't want to, for our mar riage though on a small scale has been rosesroses, cabbages and potatoes all the way, and my wife has thought a good deal of her husband, and her husband thought a good deal of his wife. If we ever had any quarrels we al-

ways got over them one way or another. While our marriage was presided over by that mythological young lady called the Genius of Happiness, it had nothing whatever to do with the mythological gentleman called Mammon. Indeed, my wife would scorn the insinuation that she married me for my money she would tell you forcibly and plainly that ! hadn't a cent when she married me, (she al ways maintains that I didn't marry her), and I have got it yet. No, no, it was not a money.

match, by any means. "I HAVE no time I can call my own, not one minute of the day. I haven't the knack of getting through with my work, somehow."

Among the wedding presents displayed on that occasion the royal necklace marked, "From Queen Victoria," was absent, and its place was occupied by a tub, inscribed, "From

The set of silver service from the President would have taken the place of the washboard inscribed, "From Mother," if the set had come.

The Emperor of Russia had a regal brooch made, full of diamonds, and of the most exqui site design, but as he intended it for his own wife, its place was supplied by a crock of soft-soap inscribed, "From Mother." There was room enough on the table, and

barely that, for a most elaborate China tea-set from the King of Belgium, but it wasn't there, and in its place stood a wash-boiler. The Express Company failing to deliver an elegantly wrought gold chain manufactured by

order of the Emp. of Austria, a clothes-line of the most elaborate length filled its place. At our wooden wedding I received a very richly-finished saw-buck in the rough from the Secretary of State, with directions for using eccompanied by a wood-box in which I was directed to throw the wood when sawed Those articles were productive, he wrote, of the health and long life which he wished me.

One load of wood quite knotty. One box of wood matches.

One saw-log.

One wooden man.

One wooden scaffold, by an ardent admirer. One highly-chased fence-post. One box of second-hand clothes-pins, full-

eweled. One clothes-horse without a saddle; with instructions how to break it, in case I got mad at it. Thoroughbred, One load of chips.

At our tin wedding there was no "tin" presented that came under the common acceptation of the term. There was a prolific absence of that. Among the tin articles I may men-

One tin whistle. Several tin cups, not gold-plated. One highly-embossed tin rat-trap.

One tin rattle-box, back action, seven octave One tin pint measure with directions to fill and empty it only at times—the times to be

regulated by myself. At my brass wedding, one friend of long standing wrote stating he was under the im

pression I wasn't in any immediate need of any presents in the brass line. One old friend sent me a very nice gift of brass cheeks, but I had no use for them.

I got also several brass buttons, but no two alike. I wear them on the vest that my wife made out of my old coat. One paper of brass pins, without diamond

At my iron wedding, I was the fortunate re cipient of several baskets full of old iron of great variety and of antique shapes. Among

One lame dog-iron, unmuzzled. Three old nails. One griddle on two legs. One heavily-ironed handkerchief One pair of handcuffs. Two old horse-shoes for good-luck.

One stove, badly stove. One section of aged stove-pipe, which was varranted never to smoke At my silver wedding I received one silver-

plated half-dollar-very rich, though not at al One silver-leaf poplar tree.
One silver note—taken from a silver voice.

One elaborate five-cent-piece, with pin. At my glass wedding I received: One glass of brandy.

One looking-glass full.

One other glass.

One goblet of sherry—I was the gobbler. One magnifying-glass. This, you can imagine, was pretty full—running over. One glass of beer. One dose of pounded glass.

One set of glass eyes. One Mike-somebody — yes, mikeroscope to look at my money with. One quart bottle, very empty. One piece of glass in my hand.

One sapphire pin-all glass. At my golden wedding I received: One gold-fish, since deceased. One golden lock-of hair. Of gold coin I received the vast sum of 000, 000,000,000,000,000,000 But I am out of

breath; no other figures are powerful enough to express the amount. My diamond wedding was a grand affair. was presented on that delightful occasion with

Seven brilliant jacks of diamonds. One ace of diamonds.

One ten-spot of diamonds, and other diamonds in proportion.

My paregoric weddings have been very fine and numerous. The next Annie-ver-Sarah of time to refresh the girlish graces prematurely my marriage I intend to be a greenback wedswept away; no time to inform herself of her ding.

Washington Whitehorn.

#### Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.-No MSS, received that are mperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first shorter.-Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use .- All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early at-tention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special

We must decline: "Alone;" "The Pirate's Last Prize;" "The Mad Trapper:" "Why He Never Married:" "Perils of the Deep;" "An Idyl of an April Day;" "Visitor from Mt. Erin;" "The Exe-cution in Effigy;" "Editor's Sollloquy;" "How to Write for the Press;" "How to Get Along;" "Au-tumn;" "Prodigal Son."

BEN. A. P., Haarlem, writes: "I see a story in a juvenile paper so like in title the one you have several times announced that several boys think it is the same story. Will you tell me about it, as it is by the same author as your story? I say it is a dodge to profit by your title, and is meant to deceive the readers of popular stories. Am I right or not?" Right, of course.

MISS M. A. I. Wassen and the story of the story.

Miss M. A. J. We can not use the matter sent. Remit it to some "religious" paper.

J. M. J. You evidently are not qualified by education to write for the press.

E. A. Y. Can't use MS. Editors do not prefer to have authors fix their own price on MSS. EDNA D. The lady referred to is single. You can address her through this office.

FRED. H. L. "Lightning Jo" is to appear in the Pocket Novel series. See reply to Percy G.

IGNORAMUS. Answer to your first question will be given in "Letter Box." Your chirography is too angular. 1t lacks ease and freedom.

angular. It lacks ease and freedom.

DIGGER. The pears for the locality named (central Pennsylvania) are Seckel, Bartlett, Duchesse D'Angouleme, Flemish Beauty, Sheldon and Bonne de Jersey.

Miss A. P. Preston. We certainly do not approve of a musical education unless there is remarkable talent for music. Only such talent stands any chance of success.

Wisehead wants to be wiser, and asks to be informed upon the various "points" of Tyndall's recent declarations about the relations of science and religious faith. We answer—read his lecture and judge for yourself.

judge for yourself.

COUNTRY Boy writes, that he don't think Chicago boy's running jump of eighteen feet much of a feat, and adds: "Jumping for sport, one day, and taking a run of twenty-five feet, I cleared eighteen feet six inches, actual measurement, and think, with practice, I can beat that. How far does our Chicago jumpist run?" As race-horses are yearly gaining on their previous wonderful exploits, we see no reason why men should not do likewise.

DANBURY INGUISITY All inflammation and purely and purely insultance.

Passon why men should not do likewise.

Danbury Inquisitive. All inflammation and putrefaction are due to the presence of minute animal life, whose germs, it is so well known, are existent in the air. Hence, when a wound is given, close it instantly against the approach of these agents. Physicians have recently received some extraordinary accessions to their knowledge on this point, and are now greatly modifying their treatment of sores, wounds, inflammation, etc.

Miss. Linuspagns, Vincland, If the all the control of the con Miss Industry, Vineland. If, in handling any kind of fruit, in preserving it, you have stained the hands, wash them in clear water, wipe them lightly, and while they are yet moist, strike a match and shut your hands around it so as to catch the smoke and the stains will disappear.

and the stains will disappear.

PHILIP B. N. The course of study in colleges does not vary much. There is little chance for variation. To acquire knowledge in any given direction compels the study of specific books. These books may vary somewhat in arrangement, but are practically the same. To enter the first or lowest college class (the Freshman) usually demands as a prerequisite a good knowledge of all ordinary English branches—algebra up to or beyond equations; Latin up to Virgil, and the rudiments of Greek, German or French, as the pupil prefers. Lesathan this no good college accepts.

PERCY G., Rock Island. We can not supply the

man or French, as the pupil prefers. Less than this no good college accepts.

Percy G., Rock Island. We can not supply the numbers containing Capt. J. F. C. Adams' splendid romance, "Lightning Jo, the Rough Rider of the Plains." It was published over two years ago. The recent death of this noted and very remarkable borderman—known to the whole South-west as Lightning Jo—makes a re-issue of this story, in some shape, very desirable. To reproduce it in these columns is impossible, owing to the pressure of new matter. We have decided, therefore, to give it complete in the new and beautiful series of "Pocket Novels," which already embraces some of the finest stories in the whole range of American literature, by such noted writers as Oll Coomes, Albert W. Aiken, Capt. Mayne Reid, Mrs. M. V. Victor, Edward S. Ellis. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, etc., 9tc.

MRS, M. D. Your carpet is not "irretrievably injured" by those grease-spots. Grease of almost any nature can be removed from cotton, woollens or slik by rubbing magnesia on the spots, then covering with clean brown paper and applying a warm flatiron. Repeat a few times, and the grease-spots will be removed. As to paint-spots, chloroform will will be removed. As to paint-spots, chloroform will remove them from any fabric when benzole or bi-sulphide of carbon fails.

sulphide of carbon fails.

Gold Fever, Topeka. The Black Hill country is forbidden to gold-hunters. It is now a Sioux reservation, and can not be even "prospected," much less pre-empted or allotted in diggings, until the U. S. Government lifts the Indian title. Gold is there, doubtless, in abundance, and Government will probably be forced to acquire the title by a new treaty and removal of the Sioux; but, until that is done, there is no use of your thinking of hunting gold in the region. The route from Omaha is up the Missouri to Fort Sully, and by Upedion from there; or, from Sherman Station on the Pacific R. R.—which is the neurest point to the new gold section.

DRIVER asks: "What kind of a bit is heat to put

from Sherman Station on the Pacific R. R.—which is the nearest point to the new gold section.

Driver asks: "What kind of a bit is best to put in a colt's mouth?" It depends on the use to which you intend to put him. If for family driving, an easy snaffle, thick and round. If you want to make him fast, as he must lean on the hand, we have seen nothing better than a round leathern bit. It encourages him to bear on the bit, and he acquires the habit of pulling. This habit is common to all track horses, trotting or running. If you want a handy horse for riding, light in hand, the sooner a proper curb is put in the colt's mouth the less trouble will there be in breaking him. A proper curb is almost unknown outside of Germany. There alone is bitting studied on scientific principles, as relates to curbs. A curb bit must fit the horse's mouth as follows: I. The mouthpiece must be equal to the width of the mouth with a quarter of an inch to spare. 2. The cheekpin must be exactly equal in length to the depth of the bars (i. e., the distance between the top and bottom of the lower jaw, measured across where the bit comes). 3. The branches must be twice the length of the cheeks. 4. The curb-chain must fall exactly into the furrow of the chin called the curb-channel. 5. The width of the port must be exactly equal to the width of the tongue-channel. 6. The mouthpiece must be thick and round. With a bit on this principle, no colt will behave to be restive. The grand secret of curbing is to make the curb-chain absolutely painless, the mouthpiece only painful on pressure. With a snaffle, the secret is to have it only just broad enough. Too large, it pinches the sides of the mouth and puzzles the horse, besides creating sores.

Alex. H. The different habits and modes of life of various tribes are largely due to the physical fea-

the horse, besides creating sores.

ALEX. H. The different habits and modes of life of various tribes are largely due to the physical features of the country in which they are born, or through which they have wandered. How the American savage came by his thirst for whisky, we can not explain except upon the hypothesis that the more untutored or gross the nature, the greater the love of excitants. A bear is a natural drunkard; so is a monkey. Whisky to an Indian is a means to a beastly enjoyment—a substitute for the passion of murder. With a bear it appears to be a love of drunkenness.

Henry C. S. Yes, it is known that persons have

fove of drunkenness.

Henny C. S. Yes, it is known that persons have been poisoned by their own breath; for in the reign of George II, the Rajah of Bengal took some English prisoners, and put one hundred and forty-six of them into a prison known as the "Black Hole of Calcutta," which was eighteen feet square by sixteen in hight, while the only means of ventilation was through two small grated windows. The first night one hundred and twenty-three of the unfortunates died, and a number of the survivors were carried off by putrid fever. The cause of their death was the poisonous nature of the atmosphere. A number of other instances might be cited on this subject. We inhale exygen, but exhale carbonic acid gas—a deadly poison to the lungs of animal or man.

GARDENER. The sweet and sticky moisture occasionally deposited upon the leaves of plants is call sionally deposited upon the leaves of plants is called honey-dew, though it is not dew, as it is produced by a class of insects known as aphides.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

#### FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS.

Dear children of the garden, field and wood And wayside, ye have come and ye have gone, Like players in some merry interlude, Between the tragic acts of winter; on

Between the tragic acts of winter; on In gay procession o'er a brilliant zone Ye've traveled, holding up before the eye The shape of perfect beauty, and the ton Of that harmonious coloring which we try In vain to equal, or indeed come nigh.

Sweet was the honey which ye gave the bees, Industrious sippers of your golden cells; Rich was the fragrance which ye gave the breeze, As he ran ringing all along your bells; Glad were ye when the rain from cloudy wells Sparkled upon your petals, and the sun, Like one who in the blessed heaven dwells, Came down and fondly kissed you every one, And every day until your course was run,

And every day until your course was run,
Like one bereaved, upon your graves I gaze,
Mourning your absence with unfeigned grief;
Remembrance paints me all your pretty ways,
In your fine progress from your first green leaf,
Until ye stood up like an autumn sheaf
In mellow splendor. Oh, ye fairy things!
Why should ye go down like a sunken reef?
Why like the swallows ply your farewell wings,
And cause the desolation which your absence

Thou Snow-drop, rival of the taintless snow;
Thou Crocus, symbol of the monarch's crown;
Thou Primrose, shiner in a golden show
Which glittered richly all the green bank down;
Thou Daisy, wearer of the bridal gown;
Thou Lily, lady of the ancient Hall:
Thou Poppy, soldier in thy red renown;
Thou Rose, the queen of every bush and wall,
How have ye all gone down under the spoiler's
pall?

Farewell! companions of the singing bills,
Of the green grass, and of the yellow crop;
Ye friends of rivers and of glassy rills;
Ye watchers on the lofty mountain's top;
Ye worshipers beneath the crystal cope,
And in the flaming, shining, solar fane;
Farewell, farewell, in sorrow and in hope;
Our hearts will linger on in daily pain,
Until we see your happy looks again.

## Lance and Lasso:

THE CHILDREN OF THE CHACO.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH CAPTAIN," "THE SEA CAT,"
"THE ROCK RIDER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WARNING.
THE Indians did not seem to be perfectly certain of the position of our friends, for they came galloping past the edge of the breast-work, within fifty feet, all gathered in a dense body and perfectly exposed.

Just as they reached the center of the little fortification a loud voice shouted a warning, and the whole body sheered off in confusion. The revolver of Captain Hernandez cracked

and a close and well-delivered volley of rifles followed, the bullets tearing their way through the dark mass of men and horses with fearful

As if stricken with a perfect panic, the survivors fled like the wind, leaving dead and dying horses and men by the dozens behind them. Their numbers seemed to be much increased

as could be seen even in the dark, from those who had attacked in the morning. "Some other tribe has joined them," said Captain Hernandez, as he looked at the retreat-"There are at least six hundred warriors there. Ha! we've no time to lose. thought they wouldn't stay beaten. Here they

come again. Load up and keep cool.' Sure enough, the dark mass on the pampa was agitated by a tumultuous movement, and in a very few minutes down came the whole body with a fierce yell, in one of their resolute

The earth trembled beneath the thunder of hoofs; a front of glaring eyes and tossing manes became visible in the moonlight, while dark, weird figures crouched above, and a forest of lance-points glittered before the horses heads. Like a vision of the night the strange spectacle burst on the sight, while one shrill, gathering yell rose higher and higher above the thundering of feet and the snorting of the

horsemen crashed through the fringe of palms that hid the breastwork, and came dashing up to the very foot of the breastwork.

Even as they came, a second volley was fired, but they did not seem even to notice it,

except by a fiercer yell. Then there was a shock and crash, as the horses blundered into the abattis, plunging

wildly about up to the very barrier, their sav age riders thrusting their spears over the bulwark, and raising their horses to leap. But, just as with the rope before, so now with the log, the singular anomaly was presented of perfect horsemen utterly unable to leap, and horses that seemed to be spellbound before a four-foot barrier. Many of the wild

steeds, entangled in the prickly abattis and plunging to get out, reared themselves up high enough to have leaped the barrier again and again, but they never seemed to think of doing it, and the shots of the revolvers that now rat tled about their ears so incessantly soon settled the question. Fierce and desperate as were the Indians

the rain of death was too severe, and they fell back at last, leaving twenty dead bodies and a number of badly wounded men and horses. As they galloped off, Captain Hernandez ob-

"We are safe for to-night. Let us make our

fires and go to sleep. They will not attack again before daylight." The captain proved to be right. There were but three or four hours remaining till morning,

but these were passed in perfect quiet. They could see the Indians lighting fires up on the pampa, and, as in the evening before, the fires were three in number. When the day broke three black columns of smoke were seen ascending into the air, and the effect was

quickly apparent. Even as the sun rose, they could see little strings of horsemen emerging from the distant woods, and making their way toward the fires

It was plain that the latter were signals, and whole of the tribes of the Chaco were assembling to punish the intruders on their

Don Luis began to look much troubled as he scanned the increasing forces of the savages. The forty-seven men on whom they could depend had been reduced by three more in the last night's assault, having been speared as they stood behind the barricade by those Indians who had blundered through the abattis.

The dead bodies of the enemy were out of all proportion to those of the whites, but the latcould less afford their losses, however

small. Captain Hernandez was the first to utter words of encouragement as the daylight came. The brave officer was as cool as a cucumber, and his soldiers were equally at their ease, to all appearance.

Cheer up, lads," he said, laughingly. "Had we stayed with the wagons, we should be ten times worse off than we are, for there would be no means of escape and nothing to and spared his friends for his sake. To-night eat. As it is, the river lies behind us, full of mercy is at an end."

fish; we are intrenched so strongly that all the Indians on the Chaco cannot dislodge us; and we have plenty of ammunition for a long fight."

"In my opinion," said Don Luis, in a low tone, "we shall be kept here for weeks, unless we find a way to give those devils the slip. I see no earthly way to do it, either."
"Never fear," said the dragoon, boldly.

shall try the effect of a vigorous defense first, and if that does not answer, why, we must even make a raft and float ourselves down the river. If we cross, we shall be comparatively out of danger. The other bank is free of foes. "How long will it be so?" asked the estanciero, gloomily. "They can swim the stream on their horses without much trouble."

"At all events," said the captain, impatiently, "it's no use to borrow trouble. safe where we are, and those fellows are pretty well disgusted with their losses. Let us go to breakfast. We shall all fight better on full stomachs."

The matter-of-fact soldiers were already employed in preparing the morning meal, as coolly as if no enemy were near them. The fish in the river were so plentiful and vora-cious that ten minutes sufficed to catch enough for the whole party, and they were soon broil-

ing on the coals.

The boys, young and light-hearted as they were, easily caught the infection of Hernandez' cheerful spirit, and Manuel Garcia was the only one who looked serious. He knew the real danger as well as his father, for Manuel had heard terrible tales of the reckless daring and implacable revenge of the Chaco Indians.

While they were eating their breakfast, the Indians were slowly assembling, till a cloud of mounted warriors, at least a thousand strong, were gathered together in the distance. Then there was a movement in the mass, and four glittering figures rode out from the throng,

and came galloping toward the bulwark that "A flag of truce," said the captain, as he watched them. "That's a point in our favor. If they chose to attack, we should be badly

off, for they might break in at some point, and then where would be our chances?" Tom Bullard, who said nothing, as usual, went to the bulwark and looked at the four advancing cavaliers. The gold ornaments

that glistened on their bodies told that their

rank must be that of caciques, for no one but the elders wore any sort of jewels. As they came closer, he recognized the white locks of old Nabidagua, whose left arm was bound up in a sling. By his side rode two other old men, each a perfect \*counterpart of the old cacique, tall, erect, and still muscular and powerful, while their abundant hair was

The fourth member of the party was no other than the Princess Malmora, mounted on a piebald steed, that Tom recognized as belonging to Nagua, the war-chief.

As they came nearer, it was observed that all were unarmed, while the princess carried a green palm branch, which she waved as she came, in token of amity.

"Senorito," said Captain Hernandez to Tom, you have already done so much for us that I cannot ask you to do more; still I wish that you would meet those people and ask what they want. You know their language. Sergeant

Gonzalez shall go with you."
"All right, Cap," said "Plug," curtly.
He leaped on his horse, put the animal at the barrier, and leaped him over with an ease that showed that the pampas horses only needed a little training to become perfect leapers. Then the Paraguayan sergeant followed by a gap that was left for the purpose, and both walked their horses out of the wood to meet the envoys.

Tom and Gonzalez each carried a revolver in his hand, for the tales of Indian treachery were too fresh in the minds of each to trust to the seeming absence of weapons among the old When the latter were about fifty feet off,

"Plug" presented his pistol, and shouted:
"Halt! Walk your horses, or I'll fire." The Indians, with one accord,

foaming steeds, and advanced at a foot-pace to where Tom awaited them. Keep your revolver ready, senorito," mut-

tered Sergeant Gonzalez. "I don't trust those devils. I've known them to throw knives be-

Tom took the hint. "Halt; you're near enough," he said. "What

The three caciques halted, and each raised his hand to his head in a gesture of high-toned courtesy. Old Nabidagua muttered a words to the rest, and it was evident that they all recognized and admired Tom.

son is very brave for one so young, said Nabidagua. 'Thrice has he foiled our best warriors. He is braver than all the rest of the white men. As for them, they are cowardly capinchas, that flee to the water; but my son is a jaguar that faces his prey and

Tom bowed his head. What do you want, then?" he repeated. The lad was certain that the adroit flattery of the old chief covered some ulterior design and he was not going to fall into a trap.

"I want my son," said the old man, grave-"He was well treated with the Abipones; no cord shackled his limbs. We gave him horse to ride. He was to wed the youngest daughter of Nabidagua, a maiden whom all the warriors toiled after in vain. Why has my son left the children of the Chaco, whose horse-hoofs are terrible in the ears of the whites? While he was with us, he was a man Now he has joined himself to the cowardly whites, whose fire-weapons slay from afar, who hide behind logs; and who fear to mee the lance of a naked warrior, because their Come back to us, and let us exterminate the whites; then shall my son be king of the Chaco.'

Is that all?" asked Tom, quietly.

"Not all. My son must give up the horses he has taken from us." 'And what if we do this?" asked the boy.

'Can my companions go free?"
"Not so," said Nabidagua, gravely. "They are in our power, and their lives are ours. Still, we will give them their lives, if they will give up their weapons and horses,

'Then we may as well stop talking," said Tom. "If you want our horses and weapons. you must come and take them. Good-by. As he spoke, he waved his revolver with

gesture of dismissal, but the chief did not stir. "My son will think better of this," he said. 'We will give the whites till sunset to decide When the sun touches the mountains it will be too late. Even my son's life will be forfeit

Beware. He quietly turned his horse away, and was followed by the three caciques. Malmora impetuously approached Tom, and looked earnestly at him.

"Why will the Jaguar-heart refuse?" she said, pleadingly. "We have forgiven him all,

"Look at those breastworks, and tell me if we need ask for mercy yet," said the lad, have it, ran directly toward the river. proudly. "You will see when it is too late," she said.

"Farewell." A moment later she was galloping away, and Tom returned slowly to the ramparts.

When he reported the result of the interview, Captain Hernandez looked grave. He said nothing about it to any one, but immediately issued orders to strengthen the log ram-parts, and to extend the abattis by cutting more timber.

The light stems of the palm trees yielded to the blows of the ax with an ease that was astonishing to those used to hard woods. Louis noticed it, and spoke to Manuel. "Manuel, how is it those great trees come

down so quickly? It seems as if they were made of nothing but pith." Manuel pointed to one of the prostrate

"It's not far from that," he observed. 'You see there is only a ring of hard wood outside, and the inside is all full of this pith as soft as so much new bread. Most of these palms are sago palms, and if we had them on the dock at Buenos Ayres, they would be worth a good many dollars. As it is, they're

Here Louis noticed that the men under Hernandez' orders, having cut and trimmed off the palm logs, began to roll them down toward the river, by whose banks a number of them were soon collected.

This puzzled the boys, who could not con ceive that any defense was needed on that side. The Indians on the plain were to be seen lazily clustered round the fires, apparently taking no interest in the motions of the whites, although fresh accessions of strength

were constantly reaching them. Such was the posture of affairs, when Captain Hernandez noticing that noon was approaching, and wishing to save provisions, proposed that our boys, who were not strong enough to do the heavy work of hauling logs, should cross the river on a little raft made of palm logs, and try to shoot something for din-

All consented with alacrity, and Manuel Garcia, who was known as the oldest and most prudent, was put in charge of the party "By no means venture out of sight of the river," said Don Luis. "As long as you see and hear us, you are comparatively safe; but there is no telling how many of the foot Indians of the forest may be hidden in these shades. Therefore take care.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PECCARIES ON THE WAR-PATH.

THE voyage over the river was safely and speedily performed, two of the light palm logs, lashed together with lassoes, being ample to float our four boys and Dona Inez, who had joined the party at her own request.

The young girl seemed as happy as a lark, now that she was under the protection of her lover, Captain Hernandez, and was up to any ort of fun and frolic.

As for the captain, he saw her depart with perfect unconcern, for he well knew that all the real danger lay in their front, as the foot Indians of the forests are generally quite

The little raft was poled across without any difficulty, and our young adventurers landed at the entrance of as beautiful a forest as they had ever seen. All the luxuriance of tropic vegetation was displayed around them in the utmost variety. The dark-green leaves of the caoutchouc or india-rubber tree contrasted with the bright foliage of hundreds of palms, while the flowers of gay-colored orchids hung in heavy festoons from the trees; and, hid behind their clusters, the arch-looking, agile monkeys skipped about from branch to branch, and looked down, chattering and

screaming, at the intruders on their haunts.
"Oh, what a beautiful place!" exclaimed
Dona Inez, enthusiastically. "And what lovely hirds!" she added a moment later as several tiny humming-birds, looking like winged jewflashed past them in the rays of the sun-

light, as they pierced the leafy screen above. Then came a loud screaming, making such a discordant din that they all shut their ears in voluntarily. A flock of purple and blue macaws went flying past them, and disappeared into the recesses of the wood.

A step further and they roused more game. There was a great rush and grunting, and a herd of capinchas dashed past them and plung ed headlong into the river, some of them dropping off the bank twenty feet above the water. without fear.

One of them was not quick enough, however, for Manuel's double-barrel was at his shoulde like a flash, and one of the capinchas rolled over, with a charge of buck-shot through his

The carcass was rolled down the bank in short order to the raft, where it was loaded on, the raft firmly secured by the ends of the las soes, head and stern, while the young hunters

proceeded further into the wood. They seemed to be in a perfect paradise of came, for at every step something started up and vanished. Louis soon had a bagfull of par rots and macaws, which he had shot with his revolvers; and even Dona Inez had caught the enthusiasm, and was trying her shooting powers with a little revolver she had borrowed of the captain.

Insensibly, they wandered on, away from the river, forgetful of Don Luis' injunction, till Tom Bullard, who sauntered slowly in the rear and had not yet fired a shot, was the only person who could catch a glimpse of the water.

Dona Inez was in advance of all the rest, with Jack Curtis near her. The little lady had made several fair shots, and she was growing ambitious to excel. She had given her empty revolver to Jack to load, and borrowed his full She stole forward, full of eagerness, and suddenly stopped.

"Oh, see there, Senor Juan," said the girl, delightedly, pointing; "yonder lie a herd of capinchas asleep, and I shall take one to keep company with that of Don Manuel." There, sure enough, were a lot of creatures

like small pigs, lying stretched in a sunny glade at their ease: and they bore sufficient resem blance to capinchas to deceive a girl who had never seen but one.

Dona Inez rested her revolver on the branch of a low-spreading tree, took careful aim at one of the animals, and fired, just as Manuel Garcia ame up from the rear with Louis.

At the sound of that shot such a commotion ensued as surprised every one. The supposed capinchas leaped up with a chorus of fierce grunts, and revealed themselves as so many little, rough-looking, black pigs, with white lips and eyelids, which suddenly charged down on them without a shadow of hesitation.

"Peccaries!" cried Manuel, in horrified tones. Run for the river, quick, senorita, while we hold them at bay! They'll cut us to bits."

There was no need to tell Inez to run. She dropped her pistol and fled the instant she saw

Tom, who was sauntering coolly in the rear, no sooner saw her terror than he drew a re-

Tom's countenance clouded. He knew the dangers of peccaries of old, and had heard too many stories of their ferocity not to fear for his friends. He heard revolvers cracking in his front, squeals and grunts and cries of pain, and he ran forward to the fray, a pistol in each

He had not far to go. In twenty steps he saw the fight, Manuel, Jack Curtis and Louis Ledoux, surrounded by the vicious little beasts, which were grunting and snapping their

tusks. striking at them with their pistols to keep them off. Already Louis and Manuel had been cut chance that they would fare badly, when Ton ran in and fired shot after shot, with all the fifth shot released the friends from their most formidable enemies, and the peccaries all turn-

"Run!" shouted he, as he blazed away his last shots, as fast as he could pull the triggers. The sudden burst stayed the fierce creature one moment. The next, they were in full pur suit, as Tom bounded away to the river, followed by his friends. Had it been a long race the peccaries would have most undoubtedly killed them all. As it was, they all four reach ed the bank with only trifling cuts, and the next moment leaped far out into the river.

Almost in the same breath, the peccaries fol Jack Curtis went down under the water, and

ceeded from Dona Inez. (To be continued—commenced in No. 232.)

### The Moor-Captives:

THE ADVENTURES OF THREE YOUNG LADIES.

IT was indeed Lionel and his two friends who had ventured so near to the summer palace, and placed themselves in a position where, if discovered, they would have suffered certain death.

limit of all trespassers, and any found near, were adjudged as having violated the laws of the empire. The young men, disguised as Arabs of the

lesert, and mounted on splendid Arab steeds, nad followed the cavalcade, and camped in a cavern on the hillside, leaving a native serv ant to take care of the animals. The moollah, who had returned to the city

escorting the empress-mother to her palace or prison, had bade the friends await him there. Be not rash. Bide your time," he said 'I shall be at work-never idle-my whole

the grasp of the vulture. You are our friend and sheet-anchor," re plied Lionel, in warm accents, "and I shall be

guided by you."
"And I," cried Mr. Ashurst. As usual, when the moollah was at all en

cold and distant The evil influence of jealousy was at work with him, and sapping the foundations of his more generous sentiments.

ing round the castle. It would be death to you, ruin to them." With which he took his departure.

The three friends seated themselves within the shelter of the cavern for some time.

castle with their powerful glasses. They easily made out the figures of the girls on the ramparts, and sighed deeply that they

"This is a beastly country," said the captain "I don't see any use in it. The women are

all mooney slaves; the men all tyrants, fools. or slaves. "It is their misfortune," replied Mr. Ash

"Pooh, pooh! all a mistake. All you want is to give the rascal emperor a good thrashing, liberate all the women and slaves, and things

would right themselves," cried the captain.
"Not a bit of it," said Ashurst, smiling: 'hundreds of years would not eradicate the ssons of a false religion and civilization.

we should not put too much faith in him. There is something sly and cunning about "My friend," said Ashurst, gravely, "you

Shortly after this conversation it was that the party walked over to the castle, and had the interview with the girls, of which we have

simply concealed themselves in a thicket for a short time, after which they returned to the cavern. At early dawn, the captain, who had been

When they were warned by Kate, they

uneasy and sullen all night, rose, and slipping out of the tent, joined the domestic Amli, who had charge of the horses. At that time there were so many European slaves, that a kind of language, similar to the lingua Franca of the Mediterranean, had been

constructed, in order to communicate. The captain had picked up enough of it for his purpose. "Have any of the slaves from the castle gone down to the village yet?" said the cap-

tain. "No," replied the slave. The captain said no more, but drew the other away to a thicket bordering on the path, by which the servants of the castle would come in search of fruits, eggs and vegetables.

He was brooding deeply.

The captain had striven to persuade himself that his passion for Edith was an ephemeral sentiment, one that he could throw off at will -as had happened once or twice to him, when

flirting in a garrison town—but he discovered that the beautiful girl had entwined herself so firmly round his heart as to menace it with fracture if he sought to eradicate it. He had made this discovery ever since he

had remarked the looks of the moollah. Without exactly knowing the secret, he suspected him to be very different from what he

Ashurst had given him a hint to that extent. However this might be, it was evident that he was devoting himself, heart and soul, to the cause of the three girls, and not without hope

His very soul burned within him with hate and jealousv.

Some desperate scheme was in his head, one which appeared to crowd upon his brain with such intensity as to age him, as he thought. Men talk of the hair turning white in a sinole night-what must be the effect on the

orain of such intense and awful suffering? "Amli," continued the captain, after a while, showing him a small purse, "do you wish to earn that money?"

The man's eyes dilated with pleasure. "How can I do it?" he asked.

"I must procure admission to yonder cas-

tle," was the startling reply.

But, oh, giaour! it would be certain death." "I mean to risk it." " How?"

"Look! yonder come a man and woman with a donkey. Could you not induce them to lend us their animal, and enter the palace

"Allah kerim!" cried the amazed domestic, 'my master is surely mad.' "I am not," said the captain, sternly, as he

pressed the purse into the hand of the other.

The gold was too much for him. He could not resist the temptation.

Calling to the couple of villagers, who wore the flowing robes of Arabs of the desert, he drew them on one side with their beast of bur-

len, into the thicket. The captain, with a dark and gloomy brow, ooked on while his servant was chaffering. The Arabs listened with amazed incredulity. out presently Amli turned round and said they would part with the donkey, eggs, and vege

tables, for three gold tomauns, loaning their clothes at the same time. Now in the desert the women are in the habit of wearing untanned high boots of the shape and size once so popular in this country

as "Wellingtons." The captain had a similar pair, and being a slight, elegant man of middle hight, it was easy for him to hide his dress under the wide, waving cloak, and his face under the capacious

He had only to play a very modest part to fear no discovery. None would venture to peep beneath the hood of a married woman in presence of her

The bargain was therefore struck, and, further, the natives agreed to await their return in the copse. The payment in advance was very liberal.

and the captain promised further reward if they were faithful.
"I shall not speak a word," said the cap-

"On your head be it," replied Amli, who looked rather rueful; "suspicion would be "I know it. Fear not, oh, Amli, I will act with eircumspection and care," was the answer.
Which, considering he had adventured on \*

one of the most daring and foolish of expediions, was saying a great deal. The donkey, loaded with provisions, was now driven up the incline toward the castle. Evidently the visit was expected, for when they reached the palace, the gates were open, and they were admitted without difficulty.

Several other chapmen were coming up behind. Amli placed his donkey in a corner, under the charge of his supposed wife, and then proceeded to make the best show he could of his wares in the middle of the road, where he was speedi-

As other dealers entered, the talking and chaffering became loud and lively. The captain looked around. He was seated at the entrance of a vaulted

ly joined by the purveyors of the harem.

passage leading into the interior of the habita-No matter at what cost or risk, he would

see and speak with Edith. Darting up the passage, which was deserted, he found that it led to the foot of a deserted staircase, slippery, and cut in the thick wall of

It was gloomy and dark. Not a moment was to be lost, for discovery was certain death. Clambering up the apparently long-deserted steps, the captain found it long and arduous.

At length, however, some loopholes admitted

Peeping through one of these, he found himself on a level with the harem private gar-But several more steps had to be ascended. He went up, and soon found himself in a kind of cage with four windows, on the sum-

fortress. He peered over. He was about ten feet above the terrace of the ramparts, and the ame above the garden of the zenana. No one was about. With the luxurious habits of the Eastern

mit of a lofty tower, the watch-tower of the

onvents, this was natural. But what was he to do? To enter the sacred precincts would be an act

of supreme folly, of utter madness. And yet he knew that at any moment he might be surprised. He looked round for a place of concealment. Then he noticed a small staircase on the outside of the tower, covered in, which communi-

cated with the garden below Near this was a small, alcove-like opening, with some lumber. In case of surprise, this was the only retreat

With a dark and moody brow the young man seated himself where he could look out upon the scene below. He was armed with dagger and pistol, and earnestly determined to sell his life dearly if

which offered itself.

Presently, after he had been seated some time, he heard a stir in the garden, which was separated by a wall from the terrace of the embattlements, and looking over, saw what would have caused him a hundred cruel deaths, if man's ingenuity could have contrived it.

dom and abandon of the morning, taking a lazy stroll before going to the bath. But though he gazed with fierce, hot, glaring eyes, he saw not those he was in search of, and sumed his listless attitude.

The empress and her ladies, in all the free-

Presently, however, the veranda of the terrace was filled, and he saw Mrs. Bacon come forth, followed by the three girls and one of the attendants of the harem.

"What's the matter, senorita? Indians?"
"Peccaries," was the breathless reply, as the girl fled past him to the raft, with a white

The lads were firing at their assailants, and n two or three places, and there seemed every cool deliberation for which he was noted. His

as he went, he heard a loud scream. It pro

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE DARING PROJECT.

A circle round the castle was marked as the

by order of his imperial master, directly after

thoughts bent on saving those poor lambs from

thusiastic about the ladies, the captain was

"Remain secreted in the cavern. My servant Amli, who guards your horses, will provide you with food. "Whatever you do, be not discovered prowl-

After which, venturing out on the mountain side, they began to scan the battlements of the

could not communicate with them.

urst. "As for the women in general, the life they lead is suited to their lazy and apathetic

'Religion, yes; that puts me in mind of that fellow, the moollah. It is my impression that

are prejudiced against this man who is seeking to serve us faithfully.' "Everybody has a right to their opinion," was the somewhat surly reply. "At all events, I mean to be guided by events, and not by

His glance sought Edith greedily, and with an earnest and impassioned gaze. She was sad and thoughtful, but, oh, he

thought, how supremely lovely.

What would he have given to speak? But it would have been insensate madne to have tried the experiment just then. The native woman took some orders and then

The captain could no longer contain him-

He glanced down at the garden.

None were looking his way.

Advancing to a loophole which overlooked the garden of the embattlement, he cried: Miss Edith!"

She was standing nearer to him than the others were, and heard without recognizing the

"Who calls?" she gasped, with a terrified

and startled look. 'Do you not know my voice?" exclaimed the speaker, with something like a pang, "that of your devoted friend—Captain Thomson?"
"Heaven! what means this? where have

you concealed yourself?" whispered Edith. The captain waved his hand through the

loophole.
"Who are you talking to, Edith?" said Mrs. Edith explained.

'Brave and gallant soldier," cried the worthy woman, "are you here to save us?"
"Or die," was the answer.

"Can you give us any hope?" she asked. they heard a strange and muffled sound.
"Something must have happened," cried

Edith. "They have discovered him." said Mrs. Ba.

Again strange and gurgling sounds fell on their ears, which, however, they were unable to make out what they could possibly mean.

But soon they heard a low groan. With wildly beating hearts they waited an

This is what had happened. While the captain was speaking with Edith, he heard a low, cautious step ascending the side steps of the tower.

There was no time for retreat. He stood erect and firm, but with his hood drawn over his head, so as only to admit of his

Next instant a negro slave peered in. Seeing the burnous and boots of a woman. he approached, and made some demand in a guttural tone, at the same time making show

as if to remove the hood. Not an instant was to be lost. The captain drew back his hood, revealing

the unmistakable countenance of an infidel "Wallah!" cried the astonished black, standing with open mouth, and arms falling by

his side; "what dog of a yahoodi is this?" He then would have turned to summon aid. But the captain had him by the throat He endeavored to cry out, but the grip of

the English soldier was terrible. He exerted a strength almost double he could have shewn on ordinary occasions, But the negro fought for dear life.

He threw out one of his feet, and with the dexterity of his race in single combat, succeeded in throwing the captain backward For one moment he was obliged to let the

other go, but only for a moment. The black made a frantic effort to scream but the Englishman again clutched him, and

the vain attempt ended in a gurgling sound. The man was strong and desperate.

He saw clearly that his opponent meant

death, and that one only could survive the He had a yataghan in his belt. Could he but get hold of this, he would soon dispatch the hated foe.

Fearful was the silent struggle The cloak had fallen off in the struggle, and

left the captain's arms free. He saw the negro's object, and strove more and more to render him insensible.

throat, and holding him with the grip of a Like the wrestlers seeking to win a prize, they struggled, until at length both paused to gain breath.

They were panting and exhausted. The captain relaxed his hold one moment. The negro with a fearful bound rose to his feet, and made for the summit of the tower,

where he could give the alarm. The captain knew that if he reached it alive,

With a gigantic effort he aroused himself, and sprung after him.

He could have plunged his dagger in his back, but he scorned the advantage.

As the negro reached the platform of the tower, the captain clutched his ankle and trip-Now began another and a terrible struggle.

The men had contrary objects. The negro strove to drag his opponent to that side of the platform which overlooked the garden, where the desperate encounter must be

Exactly the other way strove the captain. At length the agility and endurance of the English soldier, with the superior skill, over-came the brute force of the black.

He was hurled against the edge of the tower toward the dry ditch Self-defense, the salvation of the girls, left the captain no choice

He must kill or be killed. The black was leaning over the wall, his eyes were dilated, he felt himself yielding rapidly, and strove, as a last resource, to shriek "Die, dog of a black!" said the officer, sternly, and hurled him over the battlements.

Poor fellow," he added, "he only did his duty after all. And, with a sickening shudder, he looked

over and saw him lying crouched and quiet on Thomas, rather acrimoniously; "we have been the stones below His death had probably been instantaneous

The last desperate struggle had been witnessed by the girls with fearful and agonizing interest Gently nurtured, amiable and good, the scene

was terrible in the extreme All closed their eyes at the finish, and could

scarcely obey the summons of Mrs. Bacon to re-enter their quarters, where some attendants had summoned them to the bath.

The captain wiped the cold, clammy perspiration off his brow, and descended slowly to

Necessity had called for the deed the captain had committed.

Yet he could not help feeling regret for what he had done. Doubtless the wretched black would be miss-

ed when a search would be made. In this case discovery appeared impossible to be avoided, unless they believed the fall to be

ac idental. But, be this as it may, he had no resource ow safer than where he was.

They were evidently little used. It was fortunate that no sooner did he coneive the idea than it was carried out.

Scarcely had he seated himself on a step in he dark and gloomy staircase when he heard voices above him, the horrid voices of the pecuiar guard affected to the harem.

They were evidently rather merrily inclined. Presently, however, they came rushing lown, uttering hoarse and savage cries.

They had discovered the body of their comrade lying in the dry ditch below. The captain shuddered at his fearful escape, and resigned himself to remain where he was

CHAPTER XXIX.

until night fell upon the scene.

THE SLAVE-DEALER. WHEN Suleiman enabled his accomplices to scape from the alcove in which they had been momentarily secreted, he lost no time in

He was utterly confounded and much exasperated at the unexpected interference of the He believed it to be part of a well-organized

nspiracy to thwart his views But how they had been discovered it was mpossible for him to say.

Nobody ever thought of suspecting the Ar nenian banker, for the simple reason that all new him to be quite disinterested in the They little thought how much influence an

nadvertent word sometimes has on the forunes of individuals. A well-known coffee-house stood in front of the imperial palace, and to this the three ad-

journed. They saw by the small body of horse outside that some sudden departure was intended.

Smoking their chibouques, and sipping their offee, they waited. Not for long. The procession soon left the palace, and took ts way toward the outer gate of the town. "Some treachery has been at work," said the corsair, "or this sudden removal would

ot have taken place." "Your moollah, or priest," said Sir Thom as, "appears to have a great deal of power. "He is much trusted by the emperor

"And yet he is a renegade, an apostate from his own religion and country," continued the baronet. The mantle of Mahommed covers all sins, said the corsair, coldly.
"I wish I had the accursed moollah, as you

call him, in a quiet corner," hissed the earl:
"I'd teach him to mix himself in my con-"Hem-ahem!" coughed Sir Thomas; "then

would not be in his shoes.' "Why?" retorted the other

"Because you looked rather ugly and vicious just then," said the baronet, gravely. "I am afraid you would make a very disagree "Tut, man, why talk nonsense when we

have to consult as to our future proceedings-Ah, what is that?" he cried, as three horsemen swept by in the direction of the retreating cav-"The laggers of the escort, I presume," said the corsair; "but what is to be done

"You have not earned your money yet," was the rather captious reply.

"I have not; but I am not going to risk my head. The taking away of the English maid ens is a warning which you would do well to take," gravely answered the slave-dealer; is written that the girls shall outwit you." 'No. We will not give them up.

"Your lives are forfeit if you are even sus pected," replied Suleiman.

"Suspected we are by that infernal mool lah," cried the earl, "but that only makes me all the more resolved to thwart him. "Allah kerim! obstinate men will have their

was round his way. I can easily find whither the girls have been removed; then, if you persevere in a foolish errand, it is not my fault. Wait; yonder at the gate is my old friend the purveyor of sehold, And he sent a messenger to ask him over to

coffee and pipes.

The grave and reverend officer came over with a kind of rude alacrity intended as a protest against a servant of royalty being reated thus unceremoniously, and then or finding who it was, was graciously pleased to

He it was who had admitted the forbidden visitor to the harem a couple of hours before. After smoking for some time, the corsair

"Her highness has made a sudden departure," he said.
"Yes," replied the purveyor, with a fat

chuckle, "rather unexpected.

"May I ask—may your shadow never be less—if you know where her highness has "Well, Captain Suleiman," said the other gravely, "you know we never speak of such

things, but as you are an old friend, I do not mind saying that they have gone to the castle "Oh!" replied the corsair. After this the conversation flagged, and

finally the slave-dealer and his friends retired to the residence of the former. Suleiman tried to dissuade his companions from moving in the matter any more.

"Kismet! it is destiny. What is to be will be," he said; "and the girls are provided 'Is it more difficult to release them from the

summer garden than from the palace?" asked the earl. No, but is it worth while?" "We are the best judges of that," said Sir

very liberal already, and if you aid us to liberate the maidens, no reward shall be too great. Suleiman was avaricious above every thing,

and like a war-horse pricking up his ears at the scent of the battle afar off, so did he at the mention of money. A long conversation ensued, and Suleiman proposed a plan of unparalleled audacity.

In the hills, at no great distance from the palace castle, lived a robber chief. He was a man of the utmost daring, and of fertile re-He pretended to be a quiet and innocent

sheik, and as a rule carried on his depredations at a great distance. He would disappear with his followers for

mysteriously, very much the richer for his Now this robber chief, he felt confident would, for a liberal consideration, undertake to enter the summer palace in the dead of the night and

arry off the English maidens. thusiasm, and a high and holy purpose. Since the had some desperate followers upon whom the day when Gilbert and Owasco had come "Y

At the same time he had reason to believe the blame would be cast, and who would, after the steps by which he had ascended from bethe outrage, be compelled to leave the counsafe, he had been a new man, and had given

Now came the question of money.

The greater part of the cash raised by the nurderous forgeries of the earl had been dis-

posed of. But more must be found. The slave-dealer suggested their obtaining a

upply from a French banker, a kind of rival f the Armenian of the great wealth of his friends, offered to introduce them. Suleiman, who regarded the yacht as a proof

"I can not draw for much," said Sir Thomas when they were alone; and then he added, petishly: "what can Sir Charles be up to? Am I his keeper?" was the savage reply that you ask me so pointedly about him? "No, no!" cried Sir Thomas; "only his dis-

appearance, under the circumstances, is so unortunate and unaccountable that I dream of "Dreamers and drivelers?" muttered the

earl, turning away fiercely. "Murderers and forgers!" added Sir Thomas, rubbing his hands; "had you there. Ah! Earl of Ravensbourne—once we stand on the oil of a free country you shall pay me for all this!

And meanwhile the earl had gone up to his room, once more shut himself in, and once more set to work to forge the name of the dead and

He knew now that discovery must take place, but who would suppose that he, an earl on the noble roll of England's peers, would be guilty f such a crime? They would rather think the dead man had verdrawn his balance and afterward commit

ed suicide. This was what he counted on Having consoled himself with this reflection e pocketed the check, and started with the orsair Suleiman to visit the French banker.

Sir Thomas looked after him with a cold, sar eastic smile, from a secret coign of vantage. "The sooner you and I part," he said to himself, "the better. I knew you for an utterly inscrupulous man about town, but by Heaven! I never suspected you to be a forger, thief and

With which muttered observation he retired to his sitting-room, to reflect upon the course of events which were advancing with rapid

While smoking his pipe and sipping his coffee, a thought, like a lightning-flash, forced it-

He turned pare with agitation. The idea was ne fraught with incalculable consequences. If the three girls never returned to England. and were reported dead, what would become of the money left them?

He was sole trustee to the estates, for Mrs. O'Byrne counted for nothing.
With no claimants for the money, no near

heirs being in existence, what easier than to transfer the whole of the vast sums into his The tempter even suggested that as probably the three girls would disappear for ever in the dreary solitudes of the harem, he might continue to put their names to the receipts, reliev

ing himself from the liabilities of trusteeship. A moment before, and he had bitterly ac cused the earl of being a forger. Now that he contemplated the same thing for his own advantage, the crime appeared to take another So does the cunning and subtlety of evil sug-

restions blind us to really stupendous enormi Already he found himself contemplating the oss of the three girls with wondrous equa-

Meanwhile the earl strode along the street in deep thought. Hitherto all had gone well, but how long

ould he count on success continuing?
Unless he reached England at a given date, uspicion would be excited. Once there, and backed up by Sir Thomas, he had only to have the money privately paid

in to stop all inquiry Forged bills of exchange and checks were once no strangers to certain bankers. They said nothing about them because they

knew they would be paid. But the earl counted on keeping the estates of the earldom, and winning the dowry of Edith Montague.

There are many sore slips between the cup and the lip. The French banker was a slight little wiry man, who, in an insignificant office of poor ap

pearance, carried on business with every Euro Like most of his countrymen abroad, he was

possessed of few scruples, and would buy and ell a slave without any hesitation. He had on many occasions been brought in contact with the slave-dealer, Suleiman, and knew that, although a pirate in the most

plete sense of the word, he was safe in all mo ney transactions. Introduced on such respectable authority. the earl easily obtained money for his forged

Thus provided he returned to the residence of the corsair, and made preparations for the (To be continued—Commenced in No. 235.)

Gilbert, the Guide:

# LOST IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY C. DUNNING CLARK, AUTHOR OF "ROD AND RIFLE," "IN THE WIL-DERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

> CHAPTER XII. THE RELIEF GUARD.

Two days after they left Helen in the cave at the side of the stream, there marched out of the camp of Wayne fifty brave foresters with Clinton Waterman and John Mack at their head, and Owasco and Gilbert scouting in A strong-limbed, hardy, danger-daring race, such as had sprung up in the new world it as their birthright, and did gallant deeds for glory's sake. Few of their names live except old songs, and the almost forgotten legends of their day. Yet, that these men lived and toiled, endured privation and faced danger with unswerving zeal, the great States they built up remain to prove

They marched on foot, for if they had taken to the river they must have had a hard and several weeks at a time, and then come back difficult pull up the rapids, and it was thought better to march by land. They left the river on their left and turned their faces to the north-west, to cross the stretch of country con-

The countenance of Clinton shone with en- alone.

Gilbert saw the exaltation upon that young face, and smiled as he went on over the tangled | myself.' He had done some good then. If his own fate must be a hard one; if he must go on nopeless and alone, without a glimmer in his sky to betray the coming of a brighter morning, at least he could hope to see others bless ed, and he vowed in his heart to do all he could in the particular line for which I design him." to bring these two together, who had suffered o much for each other in these terrible days

There had been no sign of the enemy since do with the withdrawal of the Indians, who had been threatening the post for some time

"Gilbert, dear," whispered Pat O'Driscoll who had smuggled himself into the command in a way only known to himself. "D'ye not, as you choose. Owasco and I have been think the rid divils w'u'd be pitchin' intil us

"Keep your tongue between your teeth, Handy Pat," said Gilbert. "I'd like to know how you got here, anyhow?"

"D'ye see that?" roared Pat, thrusting out a ponderous brogan. "D'ye mind that bit av a av you, Gilbert," said Pat, plaintively. "But fut? I've got the mate til that, and a fine the red naygur; I'm afeard it w'u'd go ag'inst pair they'd be til walk an the wather. Whoo! me conscience to obey him. Not but that he's Whillaloo! Murther! I'd like to see the man, a dacent lad, and I like him mighty well, but Whillaloo! Murther! I'd like to see the man oig or little, great or small, that w'u'd take it w'u'd I like to be undher him, I dunno. an himself to dhrive me back!"

"Oh, I suppose you must go, but if you have any regard for your scalp and would like to keep it on your head, give your tongue a holiday and don't exercise your brogue too much nat's all I've got to say.

"Maybe it's fightin' wid me ye w'u'd be af-"Och, thin, but it's meself ther?" said Pat. s always agraable to that same. So pick out a bit av a kippin off the road, and come at me

"What's a kippin?" demanded Clinton, with

a light laugh. A kippin? Sure an' that's a bit av a stick like this now, phat ye see in me hand. Glory till the man that t'ached an Irishman how to handle a shillalegh, for it's his natheral weepon. I'm goin' to bate the he'd av the man wid the oig mouth, who calls himself Gilbert, the

"Nonsense," said Gilbert. "I don't mean to quarrel with you, for I rather like you. But, you must keep more quiet. Put down that stick, my lad; I warn you."

Pat was advancing upon Gilbert with this shillalegh in his hand, and a grin ominous of mischief upon his face. Gilbert wheeled suddenly, and as the Irishman made a leap at him, he shot out his long arm with lightninglike swiftness and caught him by the throat and wrist, wrenched the stick from his grasp, then shook him as a terrier shakes a rat suddenly was it done that Pat had no time to think before he found himself powerless in the iron grasp of the Guide.

Let up," said Pat; "I'm bate."

"Do you promise to behave yourself?"
"Yis; to you?" "All right; having learned this lesson, I will make a scout of you yet. You will load your rifle and stay by Owasco and myself, for know you do not fear danger."

"The divil a bit!" said Pat. From this hour, during their many dangers, these two men were constant friends. spect which the Guide had impressed the Irish man with by his wonderful strength and agility, never left him through life, and Pat had no desire to feel himself in that iron grip

At night they camped in the deep woods be side a spring which bubbled up among the leaves. One of the men, in a jocose spirit, led the Irishman to take a drink, and he complied, but he instantly leaped to his feet, with a horrified expression on his face, holding his tongue in his hand and glaring at the man who had led him to drink, in an angry way. Then he began to spit like one troubled with a phlegm in his throat, and to look about for a stick.

"Now thin, Misther, I'm thinkin' ye call that a nice thrick. Look ve: ve'll be after puttin' some comether on the wather. Phat is lost again, perhaps beyond all hope?" did ye put intil it?"

Not a thing," said the man. "Don't thry to pull wool over the eyes of Handy Pat O'Driscoll!" roared the Irishman, in great ire. does be thinkin'. Now I kin bate the hid av

any man that done that dirty thrick." Let him alone, Pat," said Gilbert, who was "The man didn't touch the laughing heartily. water at all. It's only a 'medicine spring.'" "A phat?"

"A medicine spring; at least that is what the Indians call it. "Sure then it's poisoned! Ochone, ochone! Here am I, Handy Pat O'Driscoll, cut off in the flower av me youth by a dirty thrick, poisoned, begorra, by a rid bla'g'ard av an Injin. Oh, and was it for this me mither said til me Pat, acushla, mavourneen delish, go til the divil;' an' so I wint. Give me something to

"Pshaw; there is nothing the matter with the water," said Gilbert. "We all drink it, and find it excellent for the health. I take it that there is a good deal of sulphur in its com "Say that ag'in!" cried Pat. "Och, the

aise the pain, for I'm stone-dead and kilt en-

howly saints be good to us, but did ye iver hear such jaw-breaking wurruds as thim? D'ye mane that I must die in about tin min-There was a gourd lying by the spring, and Gilbert took it up and filled it with the bright

water, and drank it off with apparent relish, and then gave the gourd to Clinton. "Drink without fear," he said. "If a man never takes nothing into his mouth which is think it is the blood of Darromed, and it will

"I am on thorns every moment we remain here." "The men need go no further. After we get a bit to eat, you and I, with Owasco and Handy Pat, will go to the cave and find the little girl, and bring her here. I don't like there with too much of a crowd, Gandelion may be around, and he'd like a shy

'Then you know Gandelion?" "Why not? Few men in the Indian counpeople are not so widely spread that men of note like the one calling himself Gandelion can be strangers to a man in my profession. I know him well, and although he is an enemy, I esteem him highly. Brave even to desperation, generous to a fault, he can be a subtle and vigilant enemy or a keen friend. I saw him, at Harman's defeat, shoot with his own hand an Indian who was murdering a wounded man of Purdy's regiment, although a score You can trust Gandelion in an emer-

"You speak highly of him."

"And he deserves it at my hands. Now go safe, he had been a new man, and had given and get something to eat, and be ready to Wayne no peace until they were on the march. march in half an hour. Owasco is already prepared, and I will speak to the Irishman

Why do you take Pat?"

"Because I see in him the making of a capital scout, if rightly used. He is sharpeyed, light-footed and brave as a lion, and with my training, he will be second to none

They separated, and Clinton Waterman prepared a simple meal and sat down to eat, while the Guide walked over to the fire where the coming of Clinton. Gilbert had an idea that Gandelion might have had something to life depended upon the amount consumed within a stated time. He grinned widely as Gilbert came up and deposited another piece of venison on the glowing coals. "I intend to make you an offer," the Guide

> 'D'ye not, as you choose. Owasco and I have been till us talking, and we have decided upon taking you as a companion and teaching you the duties of a scout and guide, if you on your part will promise to obey us implicitly for a year, when danger threatens 'Deed an' I'd be willing to obey the likes

> > "You must decide for yourself. One of the great requisites of a scout is implicit obedience same time the advice of Owasco will always

> > some through me, so that in reality you have Pat bit another mouthful out of the venison in a reflective way, looking keenly at his white

'I'll do it, thin; ye may count upon Pat O'Driscoll, and whin you say come, I'll come; and whin ye say go, I'll go. It's a barg'in."
"Very good. You will go out with us tonight to the cave in which we left Helen Car-

yon and bring her into camp, and as this will be your trial trip, you must be upon your good Just at dusk the four left the camp, threading in single file the recesses of the forest, the Indian leading, Pat second, Waterman in the

center, while the Guide brought up the rear. They were heavily armed, for there could be no way of telling what might happen, in a country infested as this was with hostile savages, who might be lurking in every covert. The path they followed was rough and stony, and brought them, after a toilsome march, to the gate of the cavern, where the Guide halted, and signaled to his companions to do the

"Don't let us scare the little girl by coming upon her too sudden," said he. "first, and prepare her for your visit."

He crawled into the opening and was lost to view, going down into the bowels of the earth. They waited in breathless expectation, in solemn silence, for his signal to come on, the Indian leaning against a rock like a statue carved in bronze, while the Irishman sat down on a stone. Then they heard his signal, muffled strangely, coming up out of the dim depths. Owasco rose and led the way into the dark and solemn place, followed by his eager companions. They would have rushed on, heedless of danger, but his voice restrained them, until they saw far away the glimmer of a dis-

"There he is!" cried Waterman, eagerly. "Hurry on, chief; have you no regard for my

They quickened their steps, and found the Guide standing in a dejected attitude beside a smoldering fire, but Helen, the object of their

coming, was gone. CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAVE TRAIL. A FIERCE light gleamed in the eyes of the lover, and in his fury he caught Gilbert by the "Where is she?" cried the young man. "Have you led me here only to find that she

Young man," said Gilbert, "have a little confidence in me, and do me the justice to say that I could no more dream that the man I left so securely could escape, than "It's a pole-cat ye put intil it, I that Helen would be in such terrible danger in the sycamore. It is enough that she is gone, and that Darromed is gone, but where they are I cannot even dream We shall find them, if they are above-ground, and we will search for them far down in the bowels of the

"Is there more than one way of escape from this cave?" said Waterman, humbled by the manner of the Guide.

"Yes, there are three, and we must first find out whether they went out the same way they came in. That shall be your duty, Owasco, and find out as quickly as you can. They have not been gone long, at any rate."

Owasco lighted a torch at the embers of the

dying fire, and went silently back on the way

by which he had entered, while the Guide

ighted another torch and went to the place

where he had left the chief bound. The thongs

lay upon the hard floor, and had evidently untied. There were marks of a scuffle and several little articles which Helen had worn were scattered about the room. "That's it, then," said the Guide. "The sly rascal slipped his hand loose somehow, and then untied himself. Ha, what's this? Blood, as I live, and from a rather bad wound, too.

"It is Helen's," gasped Waterman. "The double - dyed villain has killed that sweet girl.' 'I don't think it," replied the Guide, shaking his head. "On the contrary, I rather any worse than that, then I say he will live be a good way to track them. I left the girl pistol, well loaded, one of those you gave "Why do we halt?" said the young man, her, you know, and no doubt when he got loose she fired at him and hit him too. But she did not aim true enough; you can always tell when a weak finger pulls the trigger."

Here's the Injin," cried Pat. "What news?" said the Guide, shortly. 'Darromed did not go out there," "Let us search for him, and when

we find him, we will take his scalp. Gilbert now took the lead, a pistol in one hand, a torch in the other, following the bloody trail which Darromed had left behind him uptry can claim to be unknown to me. Our on the white limestone floor. If the young captain had not been in such agony concerning Helen, he would have been delighted with the wonder-world through which they were passing. Lofty passages, with vaulted roofs, hung with a starry-decked canopy; great rooms, frescoed by the hand of nature, and all the wonderful forms into which shapes itself. And over those white floors the four men pressed on, while the wondering eyes of Handy Pat dwelt with new delight upon each addition to the grand beauties through which he passed. But Gilbert, never taking his eyes from those bloody footprints, trod on steadily and swiftly, pausing now and then to

"I don't know what to make of this place," said the Guide. "Pve tried to study it out again and again, and have never succeeded. Whether it is a subterranean stream, or a waterfall, I can't say, but it is water, and it's hot, or else where does this hot steam come from?"

'Don't stop to speculate on that, my dear Gilbert, but go on in the search. While we linger here, Darromed is bearing Helen fur-ther and further away from us. I beg you, if you have any regard for me, to push on at once, and help me to aid my darling," said

"Impatient, like all boys," muttered the "I might have known it would be hard to check him, once he gets his head set on an object. Now listen to me, Clinton Waterman; am I to lead in this affair, or are

"Of course I must leave it to you, helpless as I am in regard to this place," replied the young man, earnestly. "You should make some allowance for my feelings."
"As if I didn't do that," murmured the

"As if I could shut my heart to the cry of sorrow from a human breast. The boy don't know me, or he wouldn't say that to me. He don't know that my hopes, lying stranded and withered on a desolate shore, show themselves to my heart like the bare ribs of shipping, wrecked in the long ago. There; don't think me hard on you, lad, for I don't mean to be. I know how hard it is to lose loved ones; I've lost them myself, and that makes me feel the more for you, my poor boy. I'll find your Helen, if she lives, and if she dies, I will so avenge her that the Wyandots shall tremble when the name of Gilbert, the Guide, is spoken of in their lodges. Come around me, you three, and swear by all we hold holy and dear, by our hopes of heaven, and a land of peace there the 'wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,' that you will never turn back from the duty of seeking this lost child, or avenging her if slain, unless incapacitated by wounds.

"I swear," said Clinton, solemnly, "and I will be true and steadfast to keep this my

"And so do I, Handy Pat O'Driscoll, county Antrim, and the divil resave me the day I turn back like a coward from danger.'

"I cannot swear," said Owasco, proudly "but I give you the word of a man who never lied that I will not turn back, until the white maiden is free or avenged, or another Ononda ga scalp hangs on the war-pole of a Wyandot

They joined hands, these four strong men, and an electric shock seemed to pass from arm Henceforth they were bound in a new tie, by their solemn vow. Danger lay before their path in the coming days, but they did not fear it; privations were their lot, and they shared them boldly; torture and great sorrow came upon them, but never despair; but they were faithful and true to each other in the days before them.

Now for work!" said the Guide. "Our path is cut out for us and we must tread it un-shrinkingly, even to the end of our weary road. Some of us may grow weary, and lie down to rest forever from the cares of the world, but the rest must keep on unshrinkingly, if our course takes us into the very heart of the Wyandot villages. Give me the torch Owasco, for I must study the course of the chief from this point."

He took the torch and looked for the bloody They were faint now, as if the wound had nearly ceased to bleed, and upon a rock near by they found some pieces of stained ico rags and buck-skin, which had evidently

been used to stanch the wound.
"See this," said the Guide. "It says to me more plainly than words could that here the Indian put Helen down and bound up his I should say that it was in the leg, and probably a flesh-wound, or he could not have gone on so long, bleeding in that way. Very likely he bound the girl while he attended to the wound."

"But how did he cross the chasm?" demanded Waterman. "I should say it is ten

He did not cross it at all, I think," replied "Remember that he was forced to earry the girl in his arms, for she is too highspirited to go with him willingly. There must be some outlet from this point of which I know nothing, or else he tried back from this point to the opening we passed about a hundred yards above."

At this moment Owasco began to climb up to a sort of shelf which ran along the wall of the vaulted passage, about three feet from the floor. Something bright glittered in the light of the lamp, and picking it up, he passed it to his companion. Gilbert gave it silently into the hand of the young soldier, who pressed it to his lips with a joyful cry. It was a broad to his lips with a joyful cry. It was a broad gold ring, with a single small diamond set into a tablet upon the top.

"That belongs to Helen," he said, quickly-"a gift which I made her in happier days, when we were betrothed. Doubtless she managed to slip it from her finger, in the absence of anything else she could lay hold of, to guide us in following her."

The Guide sprung upon the shelf by the side of Owasco, and together they ran along the wall, striking upon the rocks as they passed along to see if any were loose. At last one trembled under a heavy blow from the hand of Owasco, and seizing it in both hands, he plucked it out, and revealed an op ning be-The two men worked hard and soon yond. make their way, but before they passed in Gilbert examined the bottom of the passage, and there, in the dust of centuries, they found the tracks of an Indian foot, pressed heavily into the debris, as if he had carried a weight. "Didn't I tell you so?" cried the Guide. "He carried her so far, but he can't stand that long, for the girl will make a heavy load after a little while, light as she looks. Come

on, you fellows. He crawled into the low passage, closely followed by Owasco, the Irishman and Waterman. The place was very narrow, and yet the air was pure and fresh—a strange characteristic of these limestone caves. For some distance the fine debris was thick upon the stone floor and they could follow the tracks readily, but as the passage grew winer and higher the dust disappeared, until they again stood in a lofty room, like that in which they back and forth with that utter abandonment back and forth with that utter abandonment back and forth with that utter abandonment. beautiful specimens from the hand of that of grief of which only an Irishman is capable. wonderful architect and artist, Nature.

passage, either to the right or left, but at last they came to a place where the road separated. and the object of their pursuit might have taken either course.

"Stay here until I return or call for you, commanded the Guide, dashing down the right-hand passage with a torch in his hand. "I won't be long in finding out if she went

He hurried on without paying any attention to the entreaties of Pat that he might go, and was absent some ten minutes, when he return ed, saying that the passage had come to an end, and she must have gone by the other. They hurried on to make up for the lost time and soon decided by slight traces, observable only to the scouts, that Darromed had passed

this way.
"Don't ask me how I know this," said Gilbert. "It's a part of my business to read the earth like a printed book, and I see in this bare rock, written as plainly as I care to read that this is the road he took. This can't last much longer, either, for this path inclines up ward and we are not far from the open air." "It seems to me that we have traveled miles

under the earth," said Clinton.
"'Deed have we," said Pat. "Fifty av thim, and Irish miles at that, and thim's the longest miles we know anything about, being that St. Patrick measured thim in his coach.

"We have not gone half a mile in all," re plied the Guide. "That is, if we measure in a direct line. The circuit we have made is near er a mile, but it is hard to measure distance in a place like this."

"Don't thry to fool me now," exclaimed Pat. "Sure an' we've thraveled fifty mile and long wans at that."

"No more than I say," persisted the Guide. "I ought to know something of the distance, for a great part of the later years of my life I have made use of such hiding-places as this." "I suppose so; but look at this! As I live

"And a good sign to go by," said the Guide, stooping at the entrance of the right-hand passage. "This girl certainly has her wits about her, for wherever she is likely to leave us at fault she has left a reminder. That looks like a trinket I have seen her wear upon her neck.

It was a small piece of amber, cut in the form of a Maltese cross, which Waterman at once identified as belonging to the lady, and it pleased him that she should be so thought-

"Yes, yes," he said. "She trusts in us to follow and save her, but she does not know how close we are upon the trail, or how much this little token cheers us. It gives us a certainty that she has as yet been uninjured, and that she is cunning enough to outwit Darro-med, though the scoundrel is no fool."

"Not he!" replied the Guide. "I know to my cost that he has the ferocity of the bloodbound, the cunning of a fox, and the untiring patience of a wolf. My heart beats strangel as I take this little cross in my hand, and think that the darling girl has worn it on her neck.

"Come on, come on!" cried the young agent. 'It is I who feel impatient now. 'You shall not accuse me of being slack in

my duty," replied the Guide, quickly. "For-

A few steps further they felt a current of fresh air blowing in their faces, and pushing on, they saw the star of evening, Venus, shin ing clear and bright above their heads.

They were at the bottom of a funnel-shaped ravine, containing in the circuit of its circum ference perhaps a thousand yards. The sides were fresh and green, and bright flowers bloomed about their feet. Stepping so suddenly from that strange cavern-home under the light of the stars came like a shock to them and for a moment every one paused to drink in the delicious atmosphere.

"It is a beautiful world," said Gilbert, "and looking upon such a scene as this, one can only think it strange that such a scene can be outraged by the strife and passion of man. And yet without doubt, this peaceful spot has been the witness of savage warfare, bloodshed and death. Here ends our work for to-night, as it is impossible to say which way the trail leads

until morning. 'Must we lie idly here all night, knowing that every hour is placing a greater distance between us and Helen?" demanded Waterman,

in an agonized tone. "It is useless to go on," answered the Guide, 'and yet the night shall not be lost, for I will go to the camp of Mack and tell him what we intend to do, and let him return to the fort. But, will you not be punished for leaving upon

such an expedition without orders?" "I have them already," answered Waterman. "Mine was always a roving commission, and Wayne told me that, after leaving Helen safely at the post, I should make it my ousiness to examine into the state of the country east of the Miami, in which duty I was to call on you for assistance.

"Good; I am glad to know that you are not likely to get into trouble on account of this unfortunate affair. I will leave you now, and be off to camp.

"But, you will get back in time, I hope." "If I am not here before daylight you can go on without me, for I shall be dead or a pri-

'Let me go wid ye, Gilbert dear," said the shman. "'Deed an' I don't like to stay Irishman. here, knowing that maybe ye are in danger."
"Cease your prate, Pat," ordered the Guide, "Remember that you are under my orders.

'I don't forget it, avick," said Pat. "I'll keep my wurrud too, and obey ye in ivery thing, but it comes mighty hard at times, 'dade an' it does. I'd like right well av I might go wid ye widout breaking orthers."

"It is better not," said the Guide, more

kindly. "One can do this duty as well as two, and there is really so little danger in it cleared a passage through which they could that I would let you do it if you knew the country well enough to travel in the dark."

"Jist as ye say, masther," said Pat, submissively; "but av ye don't come back sorra re-save me av I don't write me name in bloody letthers upon the back av any bla'g'ard Injins

I mate from that time. Good-night til ye."
"Good-night, Pat," replied Gilbert. "The same to the rest. And Owasco, if I do not re- now.

The dark figure of the Guide was seen darting up the green side of the bowl-like valley in which they were ensconced, and it stood for a moment outlined against the sky, waved them a farewell and was gone. Handy Pat gave lines you once wrote: "If you pause now and a farewell and was gone. Handy Pat gave vent to a loud sniff of disapprobation as he turned his back to the others to cover his grief

"Ochone, ochone! And now who will fight But the tracks had disappeared, and they the battle or gain the day, whin the man we

as he? Wirra, wirrasthru, but it's dead an' kilt I am wid graif."

Don't take it so much to heart, Pat," said Waterman, kindly. "He'll keep his word and come back to us if he can."

"Yis, an' that's thru; if he can. But, how the divil can he aff the bloody Wyandots take him, the haythen rid naygurs?"

"Gilbert is very brave and cunning," said "No fear that he will come to harm; for the Great Spirit is always near to watch over the children whom he loves." "Do you think that Darromed will travel

all night with Helen?" asked Waterman.
"No," replied Owasco, "white girl very brave, but she will be weary. He will give her rest until he can see the trail."

"Then we ought to catch him before many

hours after daybreak." "Perhaps yes, perhaps no; who can tell, since it is all as the Great Spirit wills."

He wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down at the root of a tree, and was soon asleep Overcome by fatigue, Waterman followed his example, and did not wake until he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and opening his eyes with a start saw the Guide bending over him.

"Come!" commanded Gilbert; "it is time to be on our way. (To be continued-commenced in No. 235.

### Too Late.

BY BESSIE P. STRONG.

You have been wronged: at least you think so, and perhaps you are right. This is not your first trouble with your mother: little diferences have arisen before, and little differences have swollen into great ones, out of which have grown angry words, and angrier looks. You said some bitter things in these moments, and afterward, when it has been too late, you have longed to take them back. For some time your mother has been growing more unjust toward you, so you think; more irritable, but lately you have received a letter accepting you as governess in a family living in a distant city; so, in this your last quarrel, when you utter your time-worn threat of leaving home, you read your letter to give it weight, then you go into your room, and take a chair by the window.

As you sit there, some slow, grand strains of music fall upon your ear, and looking down the avenue, you see a body of soldiers crossing below. That must be a funeral-march, you think, as with almost nervous dread you watch the ranks file slowly by: you hope you are wrong, you do not care to think of death just now. More soldiers; a carriage; another, and behind that something larger; the trees hide it for a moment, but you see waving black plumes, and soon the long hearse comes into view. Inside of that lies the coffin, and inside of that—well, you do not know, but some one's friend is dead: your friends may die. The long line passes out of sight, but still the dirge comes back to you: those deep, rich chords with their sad rise and fall—what matters it to the corpse!

You leave the window and go down into the yard: two weeks more, you say, and you will never live at home again. The past twelve months have not been happy ones for you, yet, as you look around and listen to those strains of music, a deep yearning fills your heart; you wish—almost against yourself that you might live those months over; perhaps you have a vague idea of doing better. Ah! many have made that wish, but all in vain. God tries us once, but he never gives back any of the past!

The music is dying away: it has come to you in the full force of its meaning: it is a lirge for the past, now dead; a dirge for the resent, surely, silently dying. You are startled when you think how the moments are passing, and you reach out as if to stop them. Your hand closes on-nothing; the leaves wave to and fro, and time moves on. So the moments grow into hours, and the hours into days, and all creep slowly but surely by, and take their stand among the things of the great Once they were yours, but now they are yours no longer

Often during that last week you find your mother making some little things for you; once you see traces of tears on her cheeks, and a sudden impulse prompts you to beginer forgiveness for your harsh words, but something holds you back, and you pass through the room in

The day has come at last; almost the hour. Your trunk is packed, your traveling-dress is on, and you go down into the yard, to see it once more before you leave. You sit under the old apple-tree, the apple-tree under which you played so often when you were a little girl; your mother used to make tea-parties for you out there; and some imes she would join you, and pretend she was company, and how you would laugh at her droll efforts to get into one of your doll-chairs: she laughed too, then -somehow or other you have not heard her laugh much lately. And musing so, you find yourself, before long, with tears rolling down your cheeks. Oh, God! could you only go back to those happy days! Ha, no! you can not go back! you are going forward, steadily forward. Close by is the little summer-house covered with honeysuckles, and inside is the deep, cool well. You remember as you look way, how often you have come from school, hot, dusty and tired, and have quenched your thirst at the well in the shady summerhouse, and with this picture, comes the image of your mother standing in the open doorway, waiting to welcome you. She does not seem so glad when you come home now, but that was years go, and both you and she have changed since then. Those careless, happy, school-girl days! they have all gone, too! Again the hot tears fill your eyes as you turn from this picture. You look at the vine-covered arbor, and recall the many times you have sat there, and laughed and chatted gayly with your young friends, but as you go over it all in your mind, you remember how sometimes your father was away, and your mother sat by the window alone, and you wonder why you never thought of that before as you do

same to the rest. And Owasco, if I do not turn, and there is always a possibility of loss, you will know what to do. Think of me as alternate joy and grief, have all gone by, and now—the leaves of the trees stir and rustle in now—the leaves of the trees stir and rustle in of mystery to you in this silent, ceaseless motion of the leaves: you always felt they were talking, and to-day as you watch them, they think there is this to remember; the summer is passing, 'twill soon be September, and the fall of your life, like the fall of the year, is rapidly, rapidly drawing near." Yes, July is nearly over, only August will be left then.

stop for one more look; the leaves swing gently to and fro—a strange fear creeps over you; you feel that the next time you watch that motion something will have happened. For a few seconds you falter, divided as it were against yourself, one self says stay, the other go, and a fate impels you to obey the latter.

The two weeks are ended, and you say good-

by; then you step into the carriage and ride off. Eagerly, almost feverishly, you watch them all, father, mother, sisters and brothers, till one by one they go in; but as you watch the house you see some one come out on the porch again: it is your mother. You must go back! you must speak just one word to her You rise to your feet and call the driver, but your mother turns and goes in, and you sit down again, and look back till the old house, with its porches and climbing roses, fades out

A governess' life! it drags slowly enough Three months have passed, and you sit in your room one October afternoon, reading. A servant comes in and hands you a telegram. "No bad news, I hope, Miss." "I hope not," is all you say, but you lay it down to wait till she leaves the room. Then, with a heavy sinking at your heart, you open it, and read: 'Your mother is very sick; come home."

cover your face with your hands, and sit crushed as one who has realized a foreboding. A few days later, and you are riding up the long avenue; you lean far out of the window and strain your eyes as you look ahead. Near er, nearer you come; further you lean from the window, breathlessly, hopelessly. Yes, it is there! you see it at last; gently in the autumn breeze, back and forth, to and fro, just as the leaves moved, swings the long, black

Archie meets you at the door: "Oh, sister!" he sobs, "Mother is dead!" "Where is she?" vou ask. "In the front room." him quickly, and go up-stairs. At the door you pause a moment. How still the house is She is lying on the bed. Asleep? Yes; she must be! she cannot be dead! You take her hand, but start back and let it fall heavily. Great God! how cold it is! Then you kneel by the bedside and wait to see when she will There is a sad, weary look on her face, as if she had been very tired. Perhaps she vas; you never thought about it much before, but she had a great deal to do. Her hair is streaked with gray, and there are lines of care and sorrow on her brow. Did you ever cause her sorrow? One by one the great tears rol down your cheeks. Oh, could you only go back to your happy childhood when you used to play under the apple tree! or to those school-girl days! could you only begin back there, how much kinder you would be to your mother! You had never thought of her dying! God knows if you could only have had that picture in your mind, you would never have said those words. Where is now the memory of her injustice and unkindness, with which you used to stifle your pangs of remorse when she was living? Gone! all gone! Instead, there only omes a troop of gentle, loving acts; you remember how oft—for you were a sickly child—the single word "mother," uttered in the dead of night, has brought her to your bedside; how she has bathed your fevered brow; moistened your lips; smoothed your pillow; and with caresses and loving words, made you forget your pain. Ah me! have you forgotten the dear old songs? the voice that forever is still! And

is there only this to think of now? Nay, there is more: you remember how once she broke down, and sobbed because you had been very harsh to her, and how your heart was wrung then, and you knelt down beside her and begged her to forgive you, and tried to soothe her grief; and she forgave you, but oh Great God! can you ever forget it? and now you creep close to her, and lay your face on hers, so cold and dead, and you call her, but she makes no sound. Oh, how thin and tired her hands are! Would you wish to bring her back to earth? God knows you to bring her back to earth? God knows you If only for one short hour! would take her dear hand in yours; you would stroke her hair and face, and say, "Dear, dear mother!" Then you would clasp her round her neck, and with your head upon her shoulder, sob, and tell her how you love her, and how sorry, oh how sorry you are, to think you have ever grieved her. You sob all this out now, but the cold, dead lips cannot kiss you, or say as they once did, "Dear child, we have both been wrong; let us begin anew." Begin anew? Ah no! it is too late! The past has gone to eternity, and no tears or prayers can ever recall it. You had a mother once, but ever recall it. you were unkind to her; now, God has taken her home.

### Rip Van Winkle.

THE GERMAN LEGEND OF PETER KLAUS,

This legend has a peculiar interest, as being the source from which Washington Irving is said to have obtained the idea for his "Rip Van Winkle."

Peter Klaus was a goatherd of Sittendorf, and herded his flocks in the Kyffhausen mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot and did not join the flock till late. Watching her more attentively, he observed that she had slipped through an opening in the wall; upon which he crep after the animal and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oatgrains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up and shook his ears amid the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his inquiry could discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who, by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly, he ascended a few steps and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the overspreading foliage of the shrubs. There, upon the smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing at ninepins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal si lence Peter was installed in the office of set-

ting up the ninepins. At first he performed this duty with knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave Yes, July is him courage; he gazed on every thing with firmer look, and at last even ventured to You are twenty-one now: when you were six- drink out of a bowl that stood near him, teen you looked at those figures us a long way from which the wine exhaled a most delicould no longer follow in the way they had like so well is gone? Who so brave or so for- off, but they have come at last, and twenty- cious odor. The glowing juice made him feel

least weariness he again drew fresh vigor from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last over-came him. Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same inclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herds. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass and shrubs and trees which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but nowhere could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf and, at length, with hasty steps he descended. The people whom he met before the village were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language, and when he asked after his goats all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily and found his beard lengthened by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still he recognized the mountain he had descended for the Kyffhausen. The houses, too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him, and to the passing questions of a traveler several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt, he now walked through the village to his house! It was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy, in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then entered the cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door. Here, too, he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none

heard, none answered. In a short time women and children thronged around the stranger with the long, hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in inquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife or children, or even of nimself, seemed so strange, that, to get rid of these questions, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him, "Kurt Steffen?" The bystanders looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said, "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years, and you'll not go there to-day." "Velten Meier?" "Heaven rest his soul! he has lain these fifteen years in the house he will never leave.'

The goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognized his neighbor, who seemed to have suddenly grown old, but he had lost all desire for further question. At this moment a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious gazers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name. "Maria!" "And your father's?" "Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhausen mountains, when his flock returned without him. I was then but

saven years old." The goatherd could contain himself no lon-er; "I am Peter Klaus," he cried; "I am Peter Klaus, and none else;" and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another and another, exclaimed, "Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neigh-Welcome, after twenty years!"

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BY JOE JOT, JR.

Her face, my boyhood's early pride, Shines down from days of yore; Her head upholstered with such hair As never goddess wore.

At school we studied very hard— To win each other's smiles, And thought much less of lakes and seas Than of dividing aisles.

If at rocess she was kept in I showed devotion true, By doing something 'gainst the rules So I'd be kept in, too.

In every writing-lesson I
Her name for copy took,
And got my ears in many a box
For scribbling up the book.

Whenever I for breaking rules
Was made the switch to feel,
She sympathized with me so much
She always helped me squeal.

In writing bills and notes of hand I never made much stir, But I improved my handwrite much In writing notes to her.

My figures on the blackboard then Indeed were very small, But still, in her dear eyes, I cut, The largest figure of all.

In throwing her full many a kiss I oft had cruel luck And came to grief, for other girls Complained that they were struck.

I looked into the future then, That doubtful universe, And fondly thought to win a name— And oh, that name was hers!

I missed my lessons with chagrin, Yet dearly loved the Miss, And cared much less for printed books Than for a printed kiss.

I built my hopes of high renown In the world's throng to move Was a professor even then— Professing lots of love.

Alas for dreams of early youth, How are they faded all! She wed the butcher long ago— You'll see her in that stall.

### Dick Darling in Mexico.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

VI.—THE ARREST.

DONA PEPITA DE CASTELLAR, accompanied by Dick Darling and a venerable old gentle man with long, gray beard, and wearing spec-tacles, sat in the great hall of Don Jeronimo Ribera's house at Durango

The evening was delightfully cool and agreeable after the intense heat of the previous day. The great stone hall was nearly dark, the only light coming through the open windows from the full moon. Darling had abandoned his usual ranchero dress, and adopted one which bore more resemblance to an uniform. It was an uniform, and the sword at his side proclaimed that Dick had done with concealments. He had come out boldly in the midst of an Imperial city in the dress of an officer of the Republican army, in which, as the peon spy had asserted, he bore a commission.

It was on the very subject of his imprudence in assuming this dress that the corregidor and his niece were now speaking to him. "Oh, Don Ricardo, how imprudent!" said Pepita, earnestly. "If the Imperialists were to pay us a domiciliary visit, as they often do,

you would be instantly recognized."
"I know it," said Darling, calmly; "but there is no fear of that. My presence is not suspected in the city, and the only people who would come here would recognize me just as quick in my ranchero dress. My person is well known in the army of your friends."

"Then why not disguise it, senor?" asked the old don. "It seems to me that you run a needless risk as it is."

"I will tell you, senor," said the American, in a low tone. "When I am out in the streets among strangers, the risk is my own, I am in an enemy's city. If I am in disguise and am recognized, I am liable to be taken as a spy. If taken as a spy in your house, you are liable to the same penalties. As an officer in the Juarez army, in uniform, I am simply a prisoner of war, if taken. You do not know me I forced myself into your house, and fear of your life alone prevents you giving an alarm.

You understand me?" "I confess I do not," said the old man, in a

"Well then, Don Jeronimo," said Darling, rising and tapping his sword hilt, with a smile, 'you are only my prisoner. Do you under stand that ?"

The don looked more mystified than ever, but Pepita, who had been watching them with great intentness, suddenly clapped her hands, with a merry laugh.

"I see, I see," she said; "you are a daring ruffian who has taken us all prisoners, and we dare not alarm the soldiers to have you arrested. It is well planned. But you forget one thing, Don Ricardo.'

"And what is that?" The girl's beautiful face grew serious, and her eyes filled with tears, as she rose and came to lean on his shoulder.

"Simply this, Don Ricordo: Neither Pepita nor her uncle are so base as to desire to shelter themselves while you are in danger. who will come, you are our friend, our hero our preserver, and nothing will make us deny

Dick Darling was silent a moment. Then he took Pepita's white hand, and pressed it closely in the darkness. It was his only reply. Presently the young lady started away from

him, with a nervous laugh. "Come," she said, "we shall mope to death in the dark. Let us talk. What do you propose for us?"

"That you and your uncle and myself should leave here about dawn and fly to Juarez' camp," said Dick. "It will be a long journey, but the end will be safety. The army is about to move, and Escobedo is confident of success. Here, or even in a convent, you are always exposed to the insults of Cortina, who has publicly boasted that he will wed the heiress of the Hacienda Castellar."

"And who will never do it, while she carries a poinard and dares to use it," cried Pepita, fiercely, clenching her white teeth, and looking like a roused tigress. "Wed him! the bandit, the spoiler of churches, the murderer, the cut-throat! For what does he take me?"

"For a weak girl, Pepita," said the American, gravely, "who has plenty of spirit, but no strength. If he once had you in his power, of what avail were all your struggles? They

could only secure, at best, your death."
"Better that than union with him," she said, shuddering.

President, where Senora Escobedo, the wife of ered in the graceful, fragrant foliage of a luxthe general, has promised to see to your com- uriant Madeira vine;—this at the back end of

sponsibility, Don Ricardo. Come, Pepita, give us some music, child. We grow dull, talking over grave subjects in the dark."

ments were almost hidden in a perfect of rare fragrance and cool, dark beauty.

Within, the room wore its summer dr

Without waiting to be pressed, unlike our "What shall I sing, tio?" she asked her

'Give us my favonite, Nina," he said, "the Gondola Song, that your mother used to sing when Manuel and I were boys, and we both in love with her. Ah, Pepita, they were happy times, that will never come back. I never hear that air but I think of your mother and What a handsome couple they were!

Sing, child." Touching a soft prelude on the lute, Pepita sung the low ditty her uncle had requested:

GONDOLA SONG.

Pulsing wavelets, softly lipping, kiss the gently-gliding keel; Whispering breezes lift the curtained canopy be-Seagulls flash athwart the sunshine over waters

blue as steel,
Where the leaping dolphins fling the rainbows
o'er the tide.

O er the tade.

Whispering, murmuring, moments swift fly,
Vanishing swift as the fleece in the sky,
While o'er the sunlit sea gently we float,
Love, the bright helmsman, guides deftly our boat.

The last words of the song still echoed in the dark corners of the hall, when the sudden clatter of weapons was heard at the door. A

Dick Darling leaped to his feet and half drew his sword, only to find the points of a dozen lances in front of his breast, while Cortina, with drawn sword, pointing menacingly at him with his left hand, cried in his harsh "Down with your arms, fool! Do you wish

to be transfixed and skewered like a fowl? Down with your arms, I say. I am General Cortina, and I arrest you in the name of his majesty, Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico."

a sigh of relief. "I would to God that you was trained a honeysuckle and a rose-bush, were safely married, Pepita. These rich damsels in a troubled country are a great releaves and flowers, until the wide glass casements were almost hidden in a perfect bower

Within, the room wore its summer dress of white matting and bamboo furniture; lace curfashionable young ladies, Pepita rose and tains and tarletan-draped portraits. On the fetched her lute. several graceful little tables arrayed around the room as only an artist-eyed and artisthanded woman could arrange them, were low crystal dishes, where stemless blossoms floated, and long, spray-like vines wreathed in emerald

> Altogether, a remarkably cosy room, that spoke of refinement and taste, and that, too,

Just now, when we introduce our reader to this summer parlor in farmer Carroll's big, cool, comfortable house, where plenty always reigned, and not a little luxury and style since Miss Jessie had come home from boardingschool, there were two gentlemen enjoying the shade, the quiet, the restfulness that it offered. One, big, bronzed, in shirt-sleeves and linen pants, with a face the very embodiment of honesty, candor, simple bravery, was farmer Carroll—pretty Jessie's uncle, who had been both uncle and father since her mother died the night Jessie's blue eyes opened.

The other was Cleve Remington, a stylish well-dressed young fellow, for all he was lolling in such easy indolence in the wide bamboo rocking-chair—a young man whom Mr. Carlowed by a crowd of lancers on foot, rushed into the hall, and the peaceful little group was broken up. roll had known ever since Cleve was "knee-high Boston, the year before; and who, in coming to "Wheat Sheaf"—(that was what Jessie christened the picturesque stone house surrounded by seas of waving grain)-had not gained Jessie's affections, but turned the heads of all the young girls in the country side.

But, he was true as steel to Jessie; and this very day, on the eleventh of July, Cleve Remington had driven down from home—he lived in a little country town near Boston, where he was laving the foundation for a future successful business—to get Jessie to name the day, and "Don Ricardo, for mercy's sake, do not resist," said the low, pleading tones of Pepita, consent and warm blessing.

were unexceptionable, the breakfasts models of housewifely skill; he couldn't help moralizing over it, even when the freshest flowers exhaled their sweetness in tiny vases on the table, when the silver shone so exquisitely, the napery

rivaled the falling snow in purity of hue. He couldn't help it because—dinner, lunch and breakfast were invariably late. Too late entirely for his business convenience, and whose habitual tardiness barely saved their perfection from censure.

He had spoken to Jessie very kindly, very considerately on the third or fourth occasion of her delinquency; she had received the counsel in the same spirit in which it was given, made several spasmodic attempts toward rectifying the error, and then -slid back into the old

She was so pleasant, so pretty, so happy, that Mr. Remington could not find it in his heart to keep forever mentioning it to her; although this lateness of meals, a slight tardiness in being ready on time for church, or the lecture, or at a social, worried him not a little and more than once uncle Oliver Carroll's words occurred very forcibly to him, even while he utterly scouted the idea that Jessie's fault made him ineligible for congratulation.

This especial night of which we write, when little Mrs. Jessie awaited her liege in their elegant bedroom, whither Cleve always came for his kiss, preparatory to his adjournment to his dressing-room to rearrange his toilet, there laid on Jessie's bureau a letter, whose envelope bore a stamp dated three days back. It was addressed to Jessie, and had evidently been used more than once, judging from the jagged, han-

dled appearance it presented.

Jessie had laid a spray of blush-roses over it -carelessly, of course; and the roses had withered as they lay, neglected and forgotten by Jessie, as the fateful letter beneath them had

So she fastened the syringa in her braids to her own tasteful satisfaction, and then listened to Cleve's unmistakable footsteps on the stairs, and through the hall till they brought him within the room—so proud, so handsome, so

meeting through life! how they steal the very sweetness from the honey of existence—Cleve Remington thought so, even when the dinners ing home at four o'clock. Can you have me a cup of coffee before I go? And I wish you would look over the shirts in my drawer and see to several missing buttons. It is probable I will be gone several days if uncle Oliver is really so ill; and you will come when I telegraph."

Of course Jessie promised earnestly, and even started to give the order for coffee at four to the cook; but Cleve had several directions to give her, and messages to take that would be best not left until morning.

Then, when she rung for Bettine she found she was out; and so Jessie decided to go and "look over" the shirts Cleve would want with just a little flush of shame that his shirts needed any attention. But she so hated to sew on buttons and darn stockings (as if no other woman hated such work, too!) and when she had fixed the light, and piled five of the indispensable garments on the foot of the bed, and brought the low chair and wheeled up the hassock ready for the thimble job of replacing several absent buttons, Jessie was quite exhausted, and discovered she had forgotten to bring her thimble, and button-bag, and needle and thread.

She sat down a minute to think about uncle Oliver, and—don't censure her, for she was so young and full of life and health—wonder if he had left her his property, or some of it. Poor, dear uncle Ol.! what a pity he was going to die; and Cleve had to get up so fearful early; and about mourning-she knew everybody would expect her to wear it; and those buttons were away down stairs in her work-basket in the dining-room closet; and, somehow, "Folle-Farine" had made her un-

accountably drowsy. The hall clock struck twelve when Jessie discovered she had fallen asleep, and been sleeping since before nine. She awoke with a start and a shiver, and remembered, with a passing pang that was discovered in overwhelming sleepiness, that she had not sewed on the buttons, and that Bettine was not made aware of the need of her early services.

"I'll have to waken myself at three o'clock," she said to herself, as she hurried off her clothes; and five minutes later she was in dreamland. Alas for human expectations generally, and

thing she was cognizant of was Cleve's voice in her ear, and his hand on her shoulder. "Jessie, come! it's quarter of four, and you've only just time to say good-by. Will I find my valise packed down stairs?"

He was all dressed and ready for his cup of

Tessie Remington's in particular! for the next

coffee! She was wide enough awake then, and sprung confusedly up.
"Quarter to four! I'll call Bettine." She started to cross the hall in her bare, dimpled feet, but paused at sight of Cleve's

face-sterner, more vexed than she ever had "Then you did not make your arrangements in time? You need not call Bethine; it

And the buttons not sewed on, either! Jessie's heart sunk, and her hands trembled as she fastened on her dressing-robe and slippers.

"I am so sorry—but you can wait just a minute, can't you? I was dreadfully tired last night, and I meant to fix your shirts, but-' 'You don't mean to say you have neglected

It was his first cross word to her, and Jessie was not an angel, and so, in fault though she knew she was, she flared up.

"I can't think of everything! And if you are not able to wait five minutes while I sew them on, you can go without." She flew down-stairs for her sewing-basket.

selected her buttons and sewed them on really very expeditiously, while Cleve stood by, in stern, silent displeasure, watch in hand. Then she tossed them in the valise; he snapped the catch, gave her rather a cold kiss, and rushed off, in hot haste—to find the train just

gone, and none until noon again. Whatever his thoughts were, his lips kept faithfully; but as he went to his office-deciding instantly he would not return home—his eyes were full of a gleam and glow hardly

ompatible with mildness. The day but one after, Jessie lingered over her dinner, wondering what the news would be from "Wheat Sheaf," and rejoicing in the fact that every blessed shirt of Cleve's was faultless as regarded buttons, and every sock darned so nicely that the wearer would de-

vontly wish the whole article were one big, soft, delicate "darn." And there came, right among these com fortable reflections, a letter, ominously thin, whose caligraphy was certainly Cleve's, whose post-mark was the village nearest "Wheat

Jessie opened it nervously, and read:

"You had better come at once. Uncle Oliver died this morning after signing his will that left everything to his sister-in-law. When I see you, I will explain how I was late in arriving here, which, added to your neglect in writing here, which, added to your neglect in writing, and your uncle's iraseible temper, has made you five thousand dollars poorer than you would have been—the sum willed you in another document be refread to sim." ne refused to sign."

And Jessie realized, then, that the missing buttons on her husband's shirt-with other things-had cost her considerable, monetarily although it started a train of thought that ended in a vigorous resolve to do her duty better in small things; a resolve she kept, too, through severest struggles to quench the pertinacious old habits. And to-day, Cleve tells her it was well

### Beat Time's Notes.

WHEN I was a small boy, I was making my entrance in the rear of the circus, under the canvas—the front door not happening to be there—when a fellow came along, just as I had got half-way under the canvas and was looking around to see if there was anybody in there to pay my money to, and gave me a kick which was altogether complimentary. But he didn't make anything by the operation, by a long sight. He only kicked me clear under. and I got to see the show for nothing. They kick the wrong way sometimes

SOMEBODY or other asks me the following arithmetical question: If something or other runs at the rate of so many yards in several minutes, and something else or other takes after it or anything else at the rate of four pecks to the bushel or sixteen acres to the square foot, how long, between you and I, or anybody else, will it take to shingle the inside of all outdoors? Now I have applied the rule of three to this problem, hot, thrown the product out of the window, multiplied the multiplicand telegram in its envelope, and sat down in his by the divisor, upset the sugar-bowl, knocked over the pepper-sauce, and find that the answer is—is still remaining to be told. What's BEAT TIME.



"Down with your arms, fool! Do you wish to be transfixed and skewered like a fowl?"

close behind him. "Uncle, uncle, are you mad? What can you do against all these Cleve, and there's not her equal far or near for

For a moment both parties stood as if petrified, facing each other and hesitating what Old Don Jeronimo Ribera had drawn a

sword which lay beside him, and stood facing the grim line of lancers, as bravely as if he had been a young soldier himself. Dick Darling remained glaring at Cortina, as if he were half resolved to throw away his own life for the pleasure of killing the bandit.

At last the young man allowed his discretion to overcome his rage. He sullenly thrust and method, I fear my Jessie's utter want of At last the young man allowed his discreback his sword into the sheath. "I surrender, Colonel Cortina," he said,

haughtily. "Let your men put up their The bandit chief immediately dropped his

sword and assumed an air of courtesy. "You are sensible, capitano," he said.
"Where is your comrade? We have informaion that there are two of you here. Dick Darling laughed sarcastically.

"You surely don't wish me to surrender him, colonel, it being your own business to catch him."

"I do, sir," said the bandit, fiercely.
"Moreover, be pleased to recollect that I'm not colonel, but General Cortina."

"Since when?" demanded Darling, sarcas-"Since I entered this city," said Cortina, oldly. "Now call your friend, and surrender coldly.

"Very good," said Dick, with a peculiar nile. Then raising his voice, he shouted in smile.

"Jack Hardy, fly for your life. The Greas ers have got me." The hoarse voice of Hardy answered from

the dark recesses of the house:
"I'm off, old fellow. Keep up your-The rest was lost in a rush of the lancers in the direction of the voice, as they started in a

nopeless chase. Dick turned to Cortina with a laugh.
"You would have me call him. Catch him if you can. I am your only prisoner to-

#### All for a Button.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A LARGE, delightful room, that extended "You have reason to say it. But I wish to see neither end," replied Darling, calmly. "To farm-house; with French windows opening on that end, you must fly to the camp of the the cool, half-darkened room, while the front

book-learning. You know how she can sing and play-and yet, Cleve, though she's as dear to me as the apple of my eye, and is my own sister's child, yet, I can't say that I honestly, from my very heart, congratulate you.' He was so in earnest, that young Remington

amazement. "Not congratulate me? Uncle Ol, what do you mean?" "Simply this: that knowing as I do your

such commendable traits will make you miserable. That is all. Cleve laughed gleefully.

"Really, uncle Ol, I feel as though several mountains were suddenly lifted off me"—and he shrugged his broad, handsome shoulders. 'I was afraid Jessie had committed the un pardonable sin, or that she had made up her mind she didn't want me; but, what do I care for such trifling shortcomings when I shall have a wife as sweet, as refined, as pretty, as intelli-

"Consider your list of adjectives exhausted, my boy. I'll imagine all you intend to say, and add to it this: if you can forgive Jessie those faults, and teach her to overcome them, you will be the happiest man on earth, for, side from what I have deemed it my duty to tell you, Jessie is perfection. Cleve, such dinners as she can get up.'

The sudden change in the subject was droll; and the entrance of the young lady under consideration completely turned the current of conversation.

Mrs. Cleve Remington stood before her dressing bureau, deftly arranging a spray of sweet syringa among her gold-brown hair—lovely, flossy, half-waving hair that needed not a particle of addition from the "dealer in human. She was prettier than ever—this six months' bride; and her eyes shone with as strong a love-light for her handsome husband as they

Now, this June evening, cool, delicious, breezy, Jessie had put on her blue chambery suit, whose lots of narrow ruffles was trimmed with Valenciennes lace; she had a blue ribbon in her hair, a wide Cheve scarf around her waist; and with her happy fan, her expectant eyes, was the very ideal of a wife to find in one's home awaiting one when the dinner-hour

ever had done for her gallant, attentive lover.

Jessie had fulfilled her uncle's prophesy re garding the dinners she served. Such dainty dishes, such exquisite cookery, such perfect harmony in selection—and Cleve had quite 'his wife couldn't be beat in the culinary line." "It is a good plan," said the old don, with end was one huge bay window, over which Only-ah! these "onlys," we are so constantly

The moment he entered his eyes rested on the heap of dead roses and the letter below. Jessie, haven't you answered uncle Oliver's letter yet?"

She flushed under his gaze, guiltily, for she had promised him the day before to write at once, and had not kept her promise; besides, a

prompt answer had been imperative—so Cleve drew himself up in his easy-chair, in perfect had decided, in reading that Mr. Carroll was quite ill, though not alarmingly. And here, no answer had gone, judging from the conscious flush on Jessie's face "I forgot it, Cleve, indeed I did. Besides,

an answer would not have helped uncle Ol ma-'But, what will he think of our apparent indifference and want of sympathy.' 'Oh, never mind; I'll write to-night, posi-

Jessie took his hand and laid it against her cheek very caressingly as she spoke.
"Do, darling, without fail. You know how sensitive he is to even a fancied slight; and one

"Who expect to be his heiress, you know-Jessie laughingly interrupted him; he went on, gravely:
"I would have said from you from whom he

naturally expects a great deal of love and gra-"That is so—dear old uncle Ol," and Jessie's face sobered down, and Cleve bent to kiss the white, serious forehead.

"I'll be down to dinner in ten minutes," he said, as he opened his dressing-room door.

She started at the sound of her husband's roice, who called her name in such a peculiar She laid down "Folle-Farine" window-ledge, marking her place with a Gloire De Dijon rosebud, and turned to see Mr. Rem-

room, holding a telegram in his hand. "Uncle Oliver is not expected to live another day. He has sent for me to come at once and prepare his will. You can't tell how glad I am you wrote last night to them.'

ington's stern, pained face as he crossed the

Jessie averted her face suddenly; then covered it with her hands-uncle Ol, dear, fatherly old, old uncle, dying!—dying!—and she had been so interested in "Folle-Farine" the evening before that she had not once thought of writing, for all she promised so faithfully.

And her husband thought she had!

That was probably the hardest part of the blow to Jessie; but she was the soul of truth. and so she bravely raised her tear-wet face. "Oh, Cleve, I didn't, I didn't!" And down she plunged her cheeks again among her fin-

gers. He never said a word; he folded the come to the realization of the grand truth that | chair by the gas-drop, attempting to read the

evening paper. "Jessie," he said, after several minutes, "I your answer?